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JANUARY 1, 1973

# TIME

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## INDEX



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## LETTERS

### Exploring the Moon

Sir / It is disturbing to read "Apollo 17: Farewell Mission to the Moon" [Dec. 11]. The destiny of man involves the search for truth. What can be the fate of a nation that has the means to further the search for knowledge and understanding through the exploration of space, yet does not do so because of its own seeming loss of spirit?

Could such a nation be doomed to an existence as depicted in Huxley's *Brave New World*, in which man has become so concerned with his personal needs that the search for knowledge leads only to the further satisfaction of the flesh?

HUGH M. CARMICHAEL II  
Jacksonville

Sir / I must confess that I was one of those "prisoners of limited vision" you referred to in your special section on Space. Now that I understand that science has determined the age of the moon to be 4.5 billion years, and it only cost us \$30 billion to uncover that truly mind-blowing statistic, I and my family will be sure to keep track. Next year, when the moon is 4.5 billion and one years old, we will hold a birthday party. You are invited. So are all the children with birth defects, leukemia, mental retardation, etc., who could have been helped with that \$30 billion. We will have a large cake made of green cheese with 4.5 billion and one candles and an American flag in the center.

EDWARD T. BASSAMAN  
Elizabeth, N.J.

Sir / From the opening introspective Worden poem to the closing Mitchell observation—that the space program was worth the cost and effort only for the awakened desire in the individual to spread the gospel of humanism—the article discloses the gentler instincts of man so often obscured by his more obvious desire for adventure and success. Like so many apostles, these splendid astronauts attest to a paradox: the more knowledgeable man becomes, the more he realizes his limitations, his ignorance and his insignificance.

JOSEPH COHEN  
Forest Hills, N.Y.

Sir / Your article "The Greening of the Astronauts" revealed something that astrologers, even amateurs, could have predicted long ago: that is, that the lives of the astronauts who landed on the moon would be dramatically changed by the intense influence of the moon on both their bodies and minds. Note that the moon rules such things as psychic ability, dealings with the public, emotional disorders and, of course, relationships with women. Next, note that changes in each of these areas have occurred in one or more of the astronauts, and immediately upon return from the moon.

BRUCE C. STEVENS  
Durham, N.C.

### Mars and Sex

Sir / Your article on the problems of the Mars flight [Dec. 11] was very informative, but as an eight-year veteran of nuclear submarines I must take exception to the statement that "pornography suffices as an escape mechanism" for submarine crews' sexual drives. The fact is that except for a few girls' magazines, sex is excluded from all films, books, etc.

TIME would have its readers believe that submarine crews are off on a 60-day

porno odyssey when in fact they are sacrificing a large part of their lives to keep America a safe and free country.

HERBERT C. STANNARD III  
New York City

Sir / I take exception to the statement in "1986: A Space Odyssey to Mars," suggesting that pornography suffices as an escape mechanism for nuclear submarine crews on 60-day missions. As a veteran of six years in the nuclear submarine service (and many a 60-day mission), I can state categorically that in no way does it suffice.

JAMES L. PETTIS  
Hampton Falls, N.H.

Sir / Instead of six sex-starved men, let's send up three mated pairs (women astronauts are long overdue), people with a real pioneering spirit, and populate Mars.

One hopes that Martian-born humans will benefit from our lessons on earth and take better care of their planet!

ERIC PIANKA  
Austin, Texas

### Who Cares?

Sir / Your story "The Pleasures of Dying" [Dec. 4] was unbelievably absurd. A morbid comment on human curiosity. What of possible importance can all that scientific research produce? Once you've made the jump, you're gone. Granted, it certainly is a relief to know that Stage 2 is an upper; but by that time, who cares?

I'd rather see all that mental energy channeled into cancer research.

CLAUDIA SUNDBERG  
Toledo

Sir / After reading your article entitled "The Pleasures of Dying," I am moved to comment on my own experience. When I was 17 I was thrown from a vehicle that was moving at more than 60 m.p.h. Time seemed to hold still. Everything seemed to be happening in superslow motion. Although there must have been certain sounds, like tires screeching, I heard nothing, except my own mind telling me how sad my mother would be that I had died.

MARTIN SUMERS  
Baltimore

Sir / Whether we admit it or not, death is probably man's greatest fear. When we're usually face death, we give in to it so we won't have to fear it any longer.

MRS. ROBERT G. HUNT  
Overland Park, Kans.

### Home of the Dolphins

Sir / Your otherwise excellent cover story on Coach Don Shula and the Miami Dolphins [Dec. 11] was marred by an egregious misrepresentation of our fair city of Miami. While your conjectures about the way things are on Collins Avenue, Jackie Gleason Drive, Arthur Godfrey Road and at Zorita's may well be true of the city of Miami Beach, they are in no way representative of the city of Miami, home of the Dolphins.

JEAN ST. JOHN  
Miami

### Olmsted's Influences

Sir / Thank God the rest of the world is finally being exposed to the humane influences of the foresighted Frederick Law

Olmsted [Dec. 11]. Here at the University of Wisconsin at Green Bay (more accurately called "Ecology U."), students have been introduced to Olmsted's attitudes and influences for several years.

Now the rest of society may be as privileged as we, in seeing the earth and its people as complementary to each other.

GAELA JACKSON  
Green Bay, Wis.

Sir / The article concerning Frederick Law Olmsted was historically interesting, but can we reasonably expect an article on the history of Central Park to elicit genuine concern for a deteriorating environment? I think not.

DOUGLAS T. MARTIN  
Newport, Ore.

### Gurus for Export

Sir / I read with interest your coverage of the junior guru [Nov. 27]. It seems that any body who manages to rattle off a couple of verses from the Gita and "inspired *satsangs*" can pass off as a great guru in the Western world. Having had a glimpse of the junior guru, I must say he looks like an over-learned average Indian schoolboy. If the Westerners are ready to "import" such "perfect masters" for dollars and pounds sterling, this country will at least be rid of their influences and it can get some help for its fiscal problems.

N. RAMANI  
New Delhi

Sir / If the credibility of Americans has gone down, their credulity has gone up. How else can one account for the mushrooming of cults (religious, irreligious, animistic, demonic)?

It is, however, a matter of some satisfaction to us in India that a number of our swamis, maharishis and yogis are turning a pretty penny selling their own specialties—Vedanta, Hare Krishna, yoga, TM—to Americans who are overeager to embrace anything novel in faith and fad. They are at least doing a creditable job as levers of wealth.

J. R. SAMY  
Bombay

### Jane Testifies

Sir / Whose voice gave Tarzan's call [Dec. 11]? I ought to know. I was there.

Johnny Weissmuller, can—and did—do his own Tarzan call. End of discussion?

MAUREN O'SULLIVAN ("JANE")  
New York City

### Base-Voiced Women

Sir / You report that "only women who can sing in the tenor or bass ranges will be accepted" for the Cornell glee club [Dec. 4]. Surely, surely this esteemed college should know that this practice will impair a woman's voice if rehearsals are often and long. I am retired now, but I speak as someone who has directed glee clubs and choruses, and was a voice teacher for more than 30 years.

Times have changed, but not the singing vocal mechanism.

ALPHA C. MAYFIELD  
Macon, Mo.

Sir / Females singing in low ranges aren't as scarce as you may think. At Sidney (Ohio) High School, our mixed chorus has had a shortage of male singers, so for the past two years women who have low voices have

## LETTERS

been admitted to the tenor section. It isn't an ideal situation, of course, since the female voice usually does not have the same tonal quality as the male voice, but we have found that it is good enough for us to receive superior ratings at the state chorus contest.

LESLIE CAMPBELL  
Sidney, Ohio

### Aristotle's Bad Boy

Sir / T.E. Kalem's review of Samuel Beckett, "In the Mind's I" [Dec. 11], reads like an essay written by a precocious sophomore who has learned too much, too soon.

No doubt Beckett is Aristotle's bad boy. But then again Beckett never wanted to have anything to do with that great, white beard.

Kalem's critical techniques, by extension, suggest that he might discount the entire body of American Indian poetry because it ignores Longfellow.

CHARLES SELTZICK  
Baltimore

Sir / Samuel Beckett has taught the world many things: not so much how to move or to cry, to laugh or applaud, but, more important, how to listen. Many of us in the theater owe this "master" a great deal, for his philosophies and amazing courage have revolutionized playwrighting.

When language is used to penetrate instead of separate, it flies off the stage and into the mind.

LOUIS SIEGEL  
Baltimore

Sir / Lovers of the drama are indebted to your invaluable T.E. Kalem for finally concluding that the plays of Samuel Beckett are a "rum show." Would that he could convince producers, other members of his profession, little-theater boards of directors

and, especially, the snobs of college drama departments that making the absurd absurd is absurd.

CARL A. KERR  
Glenville, W. Va.

### Needed: Honest Preachers

Sir / I want to thank you for your article "That T-Bone Religion" [Dec. 11]. I only wish there were more men like Reverend Ike. We might then get away from an altruistic morality that keeps the world in despair and poverty.

The problem is, where do you find that many honest preachers?

THOMAS JONES JR.  
Homer, Alaska

Sir / Since my high school days I have been nauseated by the erratic rantings of professional evangelists. As a Methodist minister I served churches small and large for 41 years and saw this game from the inside. Professional evangelists, with hardly an exception, are addicted to "the power of positive greed."

Invariably they are literalists and fundamentalists playing on their hearers' emotions while vitiating their intelligence and opening their wallets. These men (and women) are not saying much that is relevant to our age, but they are certainly proficient in mob psychology and frequently organized with efficiency.

The end objective: money.  
(THE REV.) JOHN N. WHITE  
Woodstown, N.J.

### Ring-Around-a-Rosy (Cont'd.)


Sir / I must take issue with the statement of Barbara Childs in her letter to the editor [Dec. 11], declaring that President Kennedy's Hyannis Port sketch could not be genuine because anchored boats never head in different directions.

Boats on moorings, sailboats included, do not always lie head to wind, especially if there is a strong tidal current running with a light wind blowing. It is more the rule than the exception in my home port of York Harbor, Me., for the sailboats moored in the tide to lie head to tide and those in the eddy to lie head to eddy regardless of wind direction. And all boats reverse with the ebb and flow of the tides, appearing to play ring-around-a-rosey. This is especially noticeable in a small harbor where the tide tends to hug one shore and then eddies back along the opposite shore.

Never say never!  
SARAH N. KEIMOWITZ  
Coon Valley, Wis.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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## IMAGES '72

Viewed through a camera lens, history is a montage of personalities and events—grim and funny, significant and frivolous, local and universal. The turning of a year provides an appropriate cue; the following pages convey the Images of 1972.



APOLLO 17 LIFTING OFF



CHAPLIN RECEIVING OSCAR



RENEWED BOMBING OF NORTH VIET NAM



LIZA MINNELLI IN "CABARET"



"THE GODFATHER"



J. EDGAR HOOVER (1895-1972)



NIXON WITH MAO TSE-TUNG



BOMBED NORTH VIET NAM DIKE



GANDHI & MUJIB IN DACCA



GEORGE WALLACE SHOT



NIXON WITH BREZHNEV





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BILLIE JEAN KING



RANSOM FOR HIJACKERS



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JANE FONDA VISITS NORTH VIET NAM



SEAWOMEN FOR THE NAVY



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BENGALI REFUGEES



GRAIN FOR RUSSIA



PIETÀ ATTACKED



SPITZ SPLASHING TO GOLD MEDAL



JACKIE ROBINSON (1919-1972)



McGOVERN PICKS SHRIVER



JOE GALLO (1929-1972)



KISSINGER WITH ALI MacGRAW



CASTRO VISITS ALGERIA



TROPICAL STORM AGNES



VICTIM OF THE EASTER OFFENSIVE



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WILLOWBROOK SCHOOL SCANDAL



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NAPALM VICTIM



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ANGELA DAVIS ACQUITTED



THE LAST "LIFE"



SPASSKY AND FISCHER



ADAM POWELL (1908-1972)



APOLLO 16 MOON WALK



**TIME**

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE  
Jan. 1, 1973 Vol. 101, No. 1

AN AMERICAN B-52 IN ACTION OVER VIET NAM



NIXON WITH CHILDREN'S CHOIR AT WHITE HOUSE

## THE NATION

### THE WAR

# More Bombs Than Ever

**T**HE contrast was surreal. After a weekend of pre-Christmas festivities at the White House, Richard Nixon flew to the Florida sunshine. Henry Kissinger in tow, with not a word to the country or the world about Viet Nam. But the President's message to the enemy was as unmistakable as it was brutal: First he ordered a new seeding of North Vietnamese harbors with mines. Then he launched the biggest, bloodiest air strikes ever aimed at the North. Nixon seemed determined to bomb Hanoi into a settlement that he is willing to accept. As the old year gave way to the new, the Nixon-Kissinger design that only a few short weeks ago had seemed to be irresistibly leading to a settlement was again in question, and hope was once again overshadowed by doubt (see *MI N OF THE YEAR*, page 13).

The order, in Air Force lingo, was "five by five" (loud and clear) to clobber the enemy's homeland as never before. The military was invited to hit targets previously off limits around Hanoi and Haiphong. From Guam and Thailand they came, wave after wave of green-and-brown aerial dreadnoughts. About 100 B-52s, flying in "cells" of three, were being used round the clock, supplemented by F-4 Phantoms, F-111s, and naval fighter-bombers from aircraft carriers. The missions reminded aviators of the last months of World War II in Europe, when bombers

prowled the sky striking at "targets of opportunity," which meant everything.

The armada attacked factories and shipyards, roads and bridges, airstrips and antiaircraft sites, barracks and supply points. The upper part of the country had enjoyed a respite since Oct. 22, and the North Vietnamese had collected new stocks of ammunition, repaired bridges, railroad tracks and oil pipelines. These were among the priority targets. But the weather was uniformly bad, and the B-52 is better at saturation bombing than pinpoint attack; Hanoi's claim of high civilian casualties was propagandistic but plausible.

Radio Hanoi reported that a camp holding American prisoners was struck. The State Department apologized to Poland for the reported sinking of the freighter *Josef Conrad* and the killing of three seamen. One Soviet and one Chinese vessel were also said to have been damaged, along with some foreign embassies. "The way things are going," said one disillusioned State Department official, "we'll hit the cathedral in Hanoi on Christmas Eve." At week's end, however, the White House indicated that there would be at least a one-day bombing halt over Christmas.

Americans were paying a heavy price as well. Two sailors aboard the guided-missile destroyer *Goldborough* died when shore fire hit the ship. The B-52s, with their six-man crews, suf-

fered the worst losses. During the previous seven years, only one of the giant planes had gone down in combat. Last week at least eight were shot from the sky. After the first five days of strikes, the Pentagon acknowledged losing twelve aircraft. One airman was reportedly killed and 43 missing, 38 from the Air Force and five from the Navy.

**Damage Scars.** The B-52s employ sophisticated "electronic countermeasures" (ECM) to confuse enemy radar, but the North Vietnamese have been using increasingly effective equipment and techniques of their own to break the electronic "bubbles" surrounding the B-52s. The Communists also have modern Soviet surface-to-air missiles, which they are firing in heavy barrages. With so many targets, they were bound to hit something. Besides the downed B-52s, others were seen returning to Guam bearing damage scars.

Whether the Communists can maintain that kind of hit rate and whether Nixon will tolerate continued high losses if they do remain two gaping questions. But White House Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler said early in the week that bombing "will continue until such time as a settlement is arrived at." He also indicated that the strikes would preclude a new Communist offensive. The U.S. intelligence community, however, has been expecting no big enemy push.

Both within the Administration and on Capitol Hill it is universally accepted that the terror bombing has only one purpose: to bludgeon the Vietnamese into giving concessions that Henry Kissinger could not win at the conference table. Nixon obviously felt that the





"Peace is at hand..." (Kissinger)

Communists were stalling. On Dec. 14, after Kissinger left Paris, Nixon sent a cable to Hanoi. He warned that unless serious bargaining began within 72 hours, he would renew bombing north of the 20th parallel. When no reply came, he kept his word. The White House believes that the North Vietnamese knew the risk all along. On Dec. 3, the day before the last round of talks between Kissinger and Le Duc Tho began, children were evacuated from Hanoi. Last week it was reported that all civilians were being evacuated, leaving only military and anti-aircraft units.

Many within the Administration disagree with Nixon's extreme tactics, believing that Washington should have accepted the October agreement and forced Saigon to go along. Besides its human cost, the policy of massive bombing carries other high risks

*Détente* with Moscow and Peking could be chilled; Congress could rebel. But even Nixon's critics must concede that recent precedent is on his side. Similar risks applied when he ordered the mining of North Vietnamese harbors in May. Nixon not only got away with that unscathed; he could well argue that his gamble led to the serious secret negotiations that brought a cease-fire closer than ever before. In the past, however, bombing simply stiffened the resolve of the North Vietnamese.

For the moment, the North Vietnamese have not reacted as harshly as they might. Their delegation walked out of last Thursday's formal bargaining session in Paris, but those sessions have long since become meaningless anyway. Separate technical talks between U.S. and North Vietnamese experts who have been trying to iron out certain details of a proposed agreement were also suspended at Hanoi's behest. But they were not called off. The North Vietnamese have not packed their bags and gone home. They are apparently waiting to see what happens next. Therefore, U.S. officials think, the negotiations door remains significantly ajar.

To keep it that way, Nixon also had an ultimatum of sorts last week for South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu. Nixon sent Kissinger's deputy, General Alexander Haig, to Saigon with a letter for Thieu. It warned Thieu against making any diversionary peace demands of his own and told him to be prepared to sign any agreement reached between Washington and Hanoi. If he demurs, Nixon said, Congress will be inclined to end all assistance to South Viet Nam and, he implied, the White House would not press Capitol Hill to do otherwise. Apparently Washington wanted Hanoi to get the message: Thieu's leverage in the talks has its limits.

Hanoi may also get the message that it can expect minimal help from Moscow and Peking. Both Russia and China

expressed routine outrage over the renewed bombing, but, as in May, their reaction was far short of apocalyptic. In a speech observing the 50th anniversary of the Soviet Union, Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev declared that better relations with the U.S. depend on a prompt settlement of the Viet Nam War. Criticism, in fact, was harsher in West European countries. In Paris, *Le Monde* compared the bombing to the Nazi destruction of Guernica in the Spanish Civil War. Britain's biggest newspaper, the *Daily Mirror*, commented: "The American resumption of the bombing of North Viet Nam has made the world recoil in revulsion."

**Apathy.** At home Nixon was getting off rather lightly. There was no spasm of protest, as occurred during the Cambodian invasion. With Congress out of session, there was little opportunity for concentrated opposition there, though there were rumblings. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield promised to push once again for anti-war legislation. "It is long since past the time to stop worrying about saving face," he said, "and concentrate on saving lives and our own sense of humanity." Ted Kennedy issued a subdued call to arms: "Without question, if the war goes on, if the current tragic stalemate continues, many Senators, myself included, will intensify efforts to end the war through legislation."

Such attempts have habitually failed in the past even when opposition to the war was much more heated. Congress has never been able to cut off funds for the war. Discouraged as they may be, many legislators are reluctant to tread on that executive prerogative. In the case of the current escalation, the will seems to be lacking to mount a successful challenge to the President. "I sense a kind of public apathy, a feeling of hopelessness about it all," says Senator Frank Church. The bombing, he declares, will "merely deepen the sense of cynicism about our leaders and our

NORTH VIETNAMESE WOMEN GUNNERS



DOWNED B-52 IN NORTH VIET NAM



## THE NATION

Government." Now that most American troops have been removed from Viet Nam, the public has grown more indifferent to the war, even to the saturation bombings. More than ever before, it is the President's war; the public, the Congress, much of the bureaucracy are mere spectators, not asked or expected to participate. The eventual outcome will be a dramatic personal victory or defeat for a President who chose to go it alone.

### P.O.W.s

## Christmas in Hanoi

Captain Robert G. Certain, 25, a B-52 navigator, was due to fly home from Guam for Christmas on Dec. 20. The day before, an officer from Andrews Air Force Base drove to the Washington, D.C., office of Certain's father, a labor-relations director for the Southern Railway System, identified himself and said: "I regret to inform you that your son is missing in action in North Viet Nam."

All across the U.S. last week, dozens of Air Force officers performed one of the saddest duties in the military, serving as couriers for the casualty division at Randolph A.F.B., near San Antonio. It had been the worst week for the Air Force since *Tet* 1968. Though only one flyer was known to have been killed, 38 Air Force crewmen were reported missing. Randolph passed along the news of each casualty to the Air Force unit nearest the home town of the next of kin. The officer assigned to the duty called for a blue staff car and drove off to deliver the news in person.

"They just about know what you are there for," explains Captain Edward Lindquist, 32, who has delivered such notices himself. "They guess it when they see the car and see you standing at the door. There isn't any good way to do it. No easy way. You get a cross

section of reactions. Sometimes there is a blank stare. You're not sure if they've heard you. Sometimes there are tears. Sometimes there are tears before you say a word."

In each case, the officer carries with him the original confirming message, typed on plain bond paper, which he hands to the next of kin. Regulations stipulate that the notification be "error free"—double-checked for accuracy, with no erasures, no smudges. The standard text sent last week to all B-52 next of kin, with minor variations, reads as follows: "It is with deep personal concern that I officially inform you that your son is missing in action in North Viet Nam on Dec. 19. He was a navigator on board a B-52 aircraft that crashed after apparently being struck by hostile fire. Other details are unknown at this time. However, they will be furnished to you as soon as they are known. Pending further information he will be listed officially as missing in action. If you have any questions, you may contact my personal representative, toll-free, by [telephoning Randolph]. Please accept my sincere sympathy during this period of anxiety. Major General K.L. Tallman, Commander, Air Force Military Personnel Center."

The rules also require haste. An overseas Air Force commander is required to forward to the casualty division at Randolph knowledge of any crewman killed or missing in action within four hours. Randolph passes the news on to the local base almost immediately.

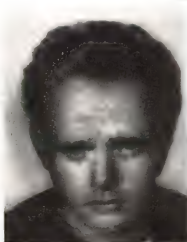
Last week such speed was fortuitous. Two days after several of the families were notified, photographs of their sons or husbands were distributed by Hanoi, and then published widely in the U.S. Certain's brother Alan, an accountant in Atlanta, got the news from his wife, who had heard it on a radio news broadcast. Alan immediately called his father, who had been visited just half an hour earlier by the notification officer.

For the next of kin who received such messages last week, there were particularly bitter ironies. Most of the missing flyers were B-52 crewmen, and B-52 missions throughout the war had been the safest combat duty in the Air Force. As far as is known, only one of the eight-engine Stratofortresses had been lost to enemy fire. That was on Nov. 22, and the crew was able to parachute to safety in Thailand. The air war had been confined below the 20th parallel during the peace talks, and a cease-fire, seemingly imminent, promised to put an end to the bombing missions altogether. Now, in the space of a few days, the men had become among the most vulnerable in the military.

**No Split.** For the Certains, as for the others, the timing seemed the cruellest blow of all. Robert was shot down on his last mission before flying home. "The family was gathering home for Christmas," said Mrs. George Vann, Certain's sister, from her parents' home in Silver Spring, Md. "My brother and his wife Robbie were coming from Arkansas. He was due home on R. and R. for Christmas." Another brother, Captain John Certain, is a tanker pilot based in Thailand.

The remaining son, Philip, is a professor of chemistry at the University of Wisconsin. Says Alan: "We are a middle-class family. We all live on our salaries. We work for a living." He said the family is "all very close. When things of this sort happen, when a crisis period occurs, we rally around each other." Alan took umbrage at a press report that the family was split on the war. "I was not aware we had a split of any kind," he commented. "We are split by distance. But I know of no other split."

If the new bombing continues, it seems a grim certainty that the P.O.W.-MIA count will climb still higher. More notification officers will be fanning out across the U.S. in weeks to come, clutching their "error-free" confirming messages, just as regulations prescribe



CAPTAIN ROBERT G. CERTAIN  
Error-free message.



P.O.W. FERNANDO ALEXANDER IN HANOI DEC. 19  
"I regret to inform you that..."



MEN OF THE YEAR/COVER STORY

## Nixon and Kissinger: Triumph and Trial

It was a year of visitations and bold ventures with Russia and China, of a uniquely personal triumph at the polls for the President, of hopes raised and lately dashed for peace in Viet Nam. Foreign policy reigned pre-eminent, and was in good part the base for the landslide election victory at home. And U.S. foreign policy, for good or ill, was undeniably the handiwork of two people: Richard Milhous Nixon and Henry Alfred Kissinger, the President's Assistant for National Security Affairs. For what they accomplished in the world, what was well begun—and inescapably, too, their prolonged and so far indecisive struggle with the Viet Nam tragedy—the two are Men of the Year.

They constitute in many ways an odd couple, an improbable partnership. There is Nixon, 60, champion of Middle American virtues, a secretive, aloof yet old-fashioned politician given to oversimplified rhetoric, who founded his career on gut-fighting anti-Communism but has become in his maturity a surprisingly flexible, even unpredictable statesman. At his side is Kissinger, 49, a Bavarian-born Harvard professor of urbane and subtle intelligence, a creature of Cambridge and Georgetown who cherishes a never entirely convincing reputation as an international bon vivant and superstar. Yet together in their unique symbiosis—Nixon supplying power and will, Kissinger an intellectual framework and negotiating skills—they have been changing the shape of the world, accomplishing the most profound rearrangement of the earth's political powers since the beginning of the cold war.

The year contained vast promise, tidal changes, a movement from a quarter-century of great power confrontation toward an era of negotiations. But if Nixon and Kissinger succeeded in opening the gates to China, in urging a new *détente*

with Russia, in pressing forward the SALT talks and a dozen other avenues of communication between East and West, it was also, in its final days, a year of devastating disappointment. In October, Kissinger euphorically reported to the world that "peace is at hand" in Viet Nam. Then, as it has so many times before in America's longest and strangest war, the peace proved once again elusive. As the Paris negotiations dissolved in a fog of linguistic ambiguities and recriminations, Richard Nixon suddenly sent the bombers north again. All through the year, Nixon and Kissinger labored at a new global design, a multipolar world in which an equilibrium of power would ensure what Nixon called "a full generation of peace." But at year's end, the design remained dangerously flawed by the ugly war from which, once again, there seemed no early exit.

Other themes and other figures, of course, also preoccupied the world in 1972. While Nixon and Kissinger projected their visions of order, political terrorists kept up a counterpoint. In May, three Japanese gunmen hired by Palestinian guerrillas opened fire at Tel Aviv's crowded Lod airport, killing 26 travelers and wounding 72 others. Then in September eight Palestinians invaded the Israeli Olympic team's dormitory in Munich. Twenty hours later, 17 men, including eleven Israeli athletes and coaches, were dead.

The shadow of the gunman still hung over Northern Ireland. This year alone more than 450 people died in the terror. A bomb blast in downtown Dublin killed two people and accelerated a government crackdown on the Irish Republican Army in the South. The dangerous freelance adventurism of skyjacking persisted. As of last week there had been 393 such episodes round the world in 1972, including one marathon in November that lasted 29 hours before the

## THE NATION

three hijackers left the Southern Airways jet in Havana.

China's Premier Chou En-lai was crucial to the beginnings of the *détente* that is leading more than one-fifth of the earth's population out of its dangerous isolation. So was Russia's Leonid Brezhnev; with the Soviets, the Americans signed 15 far-reaching bilateral agreements for trade and co-operation in space, technology and other fields. The Man of the Year in 1970, West Germany's Willy Brandt, continued pursuing his *Ostpolitik* with the signing of a treaty normalizing relations between the two Germans, and won a surprisingly generous mandate at the polls from his people for it. But the primary will and intellect behind the emerging alignments resided in the White House.

### From Ideology to Realpolitik

It was a full year for Nixon, who had to combine the roles of statesman abroad and politician seeking re-election at home. In a pre-election address on foreign policy, Nixon declared with some satisfaction that "1972 has been a year of more achievement for peace than any year since the end of World War II." Such optimism reckoned without the breakdown of the Viet Nam negotiations, yet in many ways the assessment was accurate. Nixon and Kissinger adroitly played Russian and Chinese desires and fears off against one another to establish a nonideological basis for relations among the three great powers.

Peking's perception of an American determination to get out of Viet Nam, its worry about Russian influence spreading deeper into Asia, and to a lesser degree its concern about the burgeoning power of Japan—all these factors led to the Chinese summit last February, with its astonishing tableaux of Nixon walking the Great Wall, of Nixon toasting Chou. The genius of the Nixon-Kissinger policy was its sensitivity to thinking in Moscow and Peking. That startling thaw between the U.S. and China deeply disconcerted the Soviets.

Anxious to quiet its Western Europe borders, Russia had been diligently courting Willy Brandt and other leaders in the hope of solidifying the status quo in Europe. But the Washington-Peking tie also made a U.S.-Soviet thaw imperative from Moscow's standpoint, which is precisely what Nixon and Kissinger had planned. In a sense, Nixon vaulted over the Western Europeans to establish his goal: improved ties with Russia. From this triangular power play emerged continued improvements in relations and slowly expanding trade with China, and the series of agreements, including a massive trade pact, with Russia. It opened the path toward other negotiations, notably on "Mutual Balanced Force Reductions" in Europe, scheduled to begin Jan. 31.

The theoretical basis of the Nixon Doctrine is stated in Kissinger's 1969 *American Foreign Policy*: "Regional groupings supported by the United States will have to take over major responsibility for their immediate areas, with the United States being more concerned with the overall framework of order than with the management of every regional enterprise." Kissinger recognized that the legacy of Viet Nam would be a reluctance to risk further involvement overseas; he and Nixon also understood the inherent instability of a bipolar world.

The Nixon-Kissinger objective has therefore been to shift the focus of revolutionary regimes round the world from ideology to issues of national interest. Both men are turning the criteria of decision making from what some Europeans cynically call "the savior attitude" to the equations of *Realpolitik*, implicitly abandoning the moralistic considerations that have dominated American foreign policy since Woodrow Wilson. "The world is becoming less ideological," says British Political Scientist Frederick Northedge, "and more concerned with survival."

The classical policy that Kissinger and Nixon are practicing derives from perceptions of national interest that have dictated successful foreign policy in Europe for 500 years. Political thinkers like Machiavelli and Hobbes contributed to a body of experience and theory that culminated in the 19th and 20th centuries in the effective policies of Metternich, Bismarck, Adenauer and De Gaulle, four statesmen whom Kis-

singer admires. Metternich claimed that "it is freedom of action, not formal relations" that leads to successful diplomacy. Following that dictum, Kissinger and Nixon have reassessed U.S. relationships, abandoning some ties as out-of-date (Taiwan), remaking others that might inhibit freedom of action (Japan, Western Europe) and forging new ties with old enemies (Russia and China) to expand the field of play. Another dictum of *Realpolitik* holds that "interests are constant, alliances are not."

For all the successes of the Nixon-Kissinger policies, there have been some missteps even apart from Viet Nam. One evident weakness is that the balance-of-power design has not allowed much of a role for lesser nations. The White House has tried to compensate by declaring that in reality Japan and Western Europe are the two additional poles in a pentagonal relationship. Argues Harvard Government Professor Stanley Hoffmann: "We have, especially in Asia, moved as if the era of horizontal great-power diplomacy had arrived, and our weaker allies are disconcerted. We have, both in Europe and in Asia, behaved as if our principal allies were already part friends, part rivals."

Most of the shocks to American allies were registered in 1971 after the first overtures to Peking. Japan was hardest hit but other Asian allies were similarly disconcerted—South Korea, the Philippines, Thailand and, most traumatically, Taiwan. There was also some unease across the Atlantic. In 1972 there was increasing accommodation to the new realities, but inevitably uneasiness remained. Partly to relieve Western Europe's apprehensions about the new American *Realpolitik*, the White House has declared 1973 to be "the year of Europe," with the intention of mending long-neglected relations there once the U.S. disentangles itself from Viet Nam. The Administration still must formulate a coherent European policy, especially in the area of economics.

The ambiguities and shock of the Viet Nam impasse have led some in Washington to speculate that the extraordinary Kissinger-Nixon relationship was in some trouble. The question was beguiling but difficult to answer, for the two have constructed a working arrangement that is unique in U.S. history. Among other things, it has been an odd arrangement for Secretary of State William Rogers, whose department Nixon has largely bypassed in the making of foreign policy. For the President, Kissinger has been a combination of professor-in-residence, secret agent, ultimate advance man and philosopher-prince. In an important sense, he is Nixon's creation, using the power base of the presidency to roam the world and speak for Nixon, to set the stage for summits, to negotiate war and peace. There have been similar relationships before, but none exactly the same: Richelieu and Louis XIII, Metternich and Hapsburg Emperor Francis I, Colonel House and Woodrow Wilson, Harry Hopkins and F.D.R.

### The Loyalist Who Never Joined the Team

In their personal dealings, Kissinger and Nixon tend toward formality, with a certain restraint and distance that are natural to both men. Each, in his way, is a somewhat enigmatic character. Despite moments of humor, Nixon remains his intense, somewhat rigid self, even with Kissinger. Both men have their private lives, and Kissinger is not on the list (a short one) of the President's intimate friends. For all his outer ego, his fierce driving of subordinates and his international celebrity, Kissinger has a servant's heart for Nixon when it comes to power and ideas. He has been willing to subject himself to the scorn of his academic peers (after the Cambodian invasion) and serve the President with a total loyalty that is matched inside the White House only by H.R. Haldeman, John Ehrlichman, Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler and Kissinger's own deputy on the National Security Council, General Alexander Haig. Once, after listening to department spokesmen advocating their parochial concerns before the National Security Council, Kissinger stalked out of the room, grumbling that "not a goddamned one of them except the President cared about the national interest."

Kissinger is not a team player in the almost obsessive sense that the other Nixon loyalists are. He will, for exam-





ple, lunch on occasion with a reporter and provide background on the peace negotiations. He has no close friends inside the White House—and not a few enemies who resent his power and personal style, his dates with beautiful women and access to a larger, more glamorous world. Kissinger's strength in the Administration, so far, has been that he has won the President's confidence and trust, that they enjoy a remarkable professional rapport. Says one high-ranking U.S. diplomat: "The halls of the State Department are littered with the bones of those who thought they could split the President and Henry." The President even wrote Kissinger once: "Frankly, I cannot imagine what the Government would be without you."

Despite their dissimilarities, they share some traits. One is a contempt for bureaucracy. "In the bureaucratic societies," Kissinger once wrote, "policy emerges from a compromise which often produces the least common denominator, and is implemented by individuals whose reputation is made by administering the status quo." Both tend toward perfectionism. Kissinger drives his National Security Council staff to strive for that state of refinement in their position papers and memos that he likes to define as "meticulous"—a favorite adjective of approval.

### The Adviser as Lone Cowboy

Nixon takes a particular delight in Kissinger's secret operations and ruses. Sometimes Nixon has even helped to throw observers off the track—spending an apparently nonchalant weekend at Camp David when a secret meeting was on in Paris. So secretly have the Paris talks been held that only a handful of Administration officials saw the draft agreement that Kissinger hammered out with Le Duc Tho in their five-day session last October. CIA Director Richard Helms obtained his copy through his sources in Viet Nam and asked Kissinger if the text was accurate. Said Kissinger suavely: "It has the odious smell of the truth." On another level, late one night before the election, Nixon came back to Washington from a campaign trip and Kissinger flew in from Saigon. The President told Kissinger that the two of them had been on different journeys that day, but he believed the roads led to the same goal.

The relationship between the two has occasionally been strained, however, most notably by a recent two-hour interview that Kissinger foolishly granted to Italian Journalist Oriana Fallaci. The quotes in that performance were so startling and hubristic that some readers familiar with Kissinger's intellectual style suspected Fallaci of embroidery. "President Nixon showed great vigor, a great ability, even in picking me," Kissinger is quoted as saying, apparently in all seriousness; of course he was quite right, but perhaps he should not have been the one to say it. In an interview that fairly bristles with the first person singular pronoun, Kissinger revealed that he loved "acting alone" in his diplomacy: "The Americans love the cowboy who comes into town all alone on his horse, and nothing else. He acts and that is enough, being in the right place at the right time, in sum a western. This romantic and surprising character suits me because being alone has always been part of my style."

The idea of Kissinger as Jimmy Stewart has a certain ridiculous charm, although the notion is probably closer to Nixon's image of himself as expressed in *Six Crises* a decade ago. In any case, the President's men were not amused. "About this point," says one White House source, "it was high noon in the old West Wing. At least a half dozen people who matter here in the White House hit the ceiling when they read that story. They called it the biggest ego trip anyone had ever taken." Soon afterward, at press briefings, Ziegler pointedly and repeatedly emphasized that the President

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*Nixon and Chou toast one another in Peking's Great Hall of the People (top); with Pat Nixon during tour of the Forbidden City; with Brezhnev after signing the strategic arms limitation pact in Moscow.*



was "giving instructions" to Kissinger about the Paris negotiations, deflating any suggestion that Kissinger was a diplomatic Destry. Since then, Kissinger seems deliberately to have kept a very low profile—although that might have reflected discouragement with the progress of the peace talks.

The new spirit of national interest and *Realpolitik* naturally dictated disengagement from Viet Nam. Yet Saigon's hold on the U.S. was once again disastrously tenacious. Elected in 1968 on a pledge to end the war, Nixon chose an excruciatingly slow four-year policy of Vietnamization—turning the war over to Thieu's forces—as a means, so he thought, to salvage some "honor" from the commitment. His forays to Moscow and Peking this year were decisive in turning Hanoi toward serious secret negotiations; the critical moment came last spring when, even after Nixon had gambled by mining the harbors of the North, the Russians decided not to call off the summit meeting.

### The Reasons Why Peace Was Not at Hand

At last, on Oct. 26, Kissinger made his now famous misstatement: "Peace is at hand" in Viet Nam. The world's hopes soared, the stock market leaped upward with Kissinger's declaration: "What remains to be done can be settled in one more negotiating session with the North Vietnamese negotiators, lasting, I would think, no more than three or four days." But between Oct. 26 and Dec. 16, the settlement that both sides had supposedly agreed upon disastrously unraveled. Kissinger blamed the North Vietnamese for the impasse, and in calculated anger, the President unleashed the most massive bombing of North Viet Nam of the whole long war. One top Administration official said last week that Nixon's behavior was influenced by the way in which Dwight Eisenhower ended the Korean War. "You remember," the official said, "that the talks with North Korea were bogged down. Ike took over and immediately ordered massive bombing of North Korea, including the dikes. Nixon was Vice President then, and he says that, however much of a peaceful image Ike struck, his show of strength worked."

In assigning blame, others looked to South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu, who certainly was doing everything within his power to torpedo the proposed agreement. Inevitably, too, the Nixon-Kissinger relationship was scrutinized more earnestly than ever for frictions. It became a journalistic fashion to look for "light between" the President and his adviser. There was some encouragement for this activity from within the White House, notably from Haldeman, who considers himself an extension of Nixon and deeply resents Kissinger's high profile and the fact that Kissinger is not subordinate to him as is everyone else on the President's staff. And it did not escape notice that in his Dec. 16 briefing, Kissinger repeatedly emphasized that it was the President who had to be satisfied with the settlement.

These scraps aside, there is no real evidence of strain between the President and his adviser, perhaps because a careful reconstruction of the chronology of events in Paris and Saigon (see box, page 21) indicates both must share some responsibility for the breakdown in reaching an agreement. Kissinger seems to have underestimated the difficulty of the remaining "details" to be worked out. It was odd for a man of Kissinger's caution to have been so euphoric and expansive as he was on Oct. 26. His anticipation was too great, relying too much on what he called the continued "good will" of Hanoi and Le Duc Tho, with whom he evidently got on well. He also underestimated the opposition of Thieu.

For his part, Nixon, who fully understood what Kissinger had brought back from Paris, backed off when Thieu balked. In sending Kissinger back to the North Vietnamese to extract more specific language in the draft on the sovereignty of South Viet Nam, so as to meet some of Thieu's ob-

*Nixon greeting hardhats in San Diego (top), campaigning during motorcade tour of New York City suburbs, and receiving a lei during trip to Honolulu*

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OUR NO. 1 GOAL  
TO MAKE  
GENERAL ELECTRIC  
YOUR BEST BUY

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jections, Nixon alarmed Hanoi, which had believed it had a deal. In predictable riposte, Hanoi then began asking for revisions of its own. As Kissinger explained in his Oct. 26 briefing, an agreement had finally seemed possible because the military and political issues of the war were to be separated: a cease-fire now, then politics and maneuvering among the Vietnamese for the ultimate control of Saigon. By raising the sovereignty issue, among others, Nixon sharpened a deliberately fuzzed point, bringing the detailed politics of the settlement back into the present negotiations. In other words, he insisted on nailing down specifics where Kissinger and Tho had purposefully left them vague, subject to future negotiations, as the only means of reaching agreement.

When Hanoi refused to buy, Nixon ordered the bombers aloft to try to pressure the North Vietnamese. The heavy military gamble, in his view, had paid off before, when he invaded Cambodia in 1970, Laos in 1971, and mined Haiphong last May in the face of criticism and protest in the U.S. The atmosphere around the White House was even similar to last spring's, a mood of coolness and toughness only occasionally soured by the fulminations of the "doom and gloom brigade," as the Washington press corps is called. Gambling had, in fact, become part of Nixon's international style — to seem deliberately unpredictable, to let Hanoi, Moscow and Peking know that he was capable of almost anything, to keep them off their guard. It may be that he felt doubly confident this time in re-escalating the war, for the U.S. election six weeks before may have persuaded him, rightly or wrongly, that public opinion would be solidly behind him.

## The Election and Nixon's America

The President, in fact, was spending much of the time last week working on his Inaugural Address, taking as his thematic starting point Teddy Roosevelt's two Inaugurals emphasizing the responsibilities of the U.S. as a world power and of individuals as citizens. Its tone and confidence would surely reflect the scale of his victory last November. With 49 states and 60.7% of the ballots cast, Nixon's landslide ranked with Lyndon Johnson's in 1964 and Franklin Roosevelt's in 1936. The appearance of a mandate was there, but it was in some sense deceptive. Nixon's men claimed the endorsement of a "new Republican majority," but they were ignoring the widespread ticket-splitting that occurred at the polls. In the House, the G.O.P. picked up only 13 seats, and in the Senate, where Republicans needed five to claim control, they lost two seats. That left the Democrats ahead 57 to 43 in the Senate and 243 to 192 in the House, where three seats will be declared vacant. The Democrats also made a net gain of one governorship.

It was, as everyone said, a peculiar election. Aided by the Democratic reforms that he himself had helped to institute, George McGovern seized control of the nation's majority party and then so mishandled it that the election became a referendum less on issues and ideologies than on the personal competence of the two men. Issues of economic and social justice became lost in a tangle of doubts about McGovern himself. First he proposed a \$1,000-a-year guarantee for every American, only to revise the suggestion later. Then came the Eagleton affair. McGovern never could shake the charge, however unfair, that he was the candidate of "amnesty, acid and abortion." He was, too many voters believed, an indecisive radical — the worst kind.

Somehow McGovern deeply misjudged the American psyche. In part, he was defeated by a mood of reaction against the '60s, against the counterculture, against permissiveness, against social programs for blacks, against excessive welfare spending. Yet the nation was not engaged in a precipitate swing to the right. Rather it was apprehensive about too rapid change and about George McGovern as a leader.

When Arthur Bremer gunned down George Wallace in a Maryland shopping center last May, Richard Nixon's reelection was all but assured. He picked up the vast majority of Wallace votes in November.

Given the McGovern nomination, Nixon waged a comfortable non-campaign from the incumbent's traditional

stance of statesmanship-above-the-battle. The economy, one issue that might have sunk the Republicans, was humming along toward recovery. Scandals, or near scandals, erupted, infecting the political air with a sour smell. First there was ITT, with the suggestion that the Justice Department dropped antitrust suits against the corporation in return for at least a \$200,000 subsidy of the G.O.P. convention. Agents with ties to the Committee for the Re-Election of the President and to the White House were arrested after breaking into the Democratic National Committee's Watergate headquarters to remove electronic bugs planted there earlier. Nixon's campaign was heavily financed by anonymous donors. Yet none of those issues took hold in a serious way, none of them seemed to make much difference. Says Paul Asciolla, a liberal priest and editor in Chicago: "Nixon was smart. He talked about the football blackout when McGovern was going on and on about the bombing. He talked about safety in the streets when McGovern concentrated on Watergate."

Americans were not all that callous or indifferent. Yet they seemed, in a sense, disengaged from the large political and social and military issues that had demanded so much of them in the decade past. There was some sense of endorsing the status quo, or of improving it gradually; a nation bombarded by rhetoric through the '60s did not take to McGovern's apocalyptic language. This disengagement undoubtedly worked to Nixon's political advantage in the election, just as it gave him, paradoxically, the freedom with which to pursue his boldest international ventures.

But generalized portraits of a national mind have a tendency toward caricature. America is — has always been — a mosaic of inconsistencies, of deeply contradictory and often unexpected impulses. The language of "liberal" and "conservative," of "Middle American" and "radical," usually lags behind the real changes. Thus, for example, William F. Buckley now favors decriminalization of marijuana. Black Panther Bobby Seale is running for mayor of Oakland, Calif., and between those conservative and radical poles, the mass of Americans exhibit a complexity that defies tidy compartmentalization.

Nixon has taken more and more to articulating his own vision of America. At its core is his profound conviction that the real America, the heartland America, the land of the Founders' virtues, has somehow been betrayed by the liberal Eastern media and by Government and academic intellectuals who grew up in the legacy of the New Deal. Without those enemies, the President seems to believe, the nation would belong to itself again.

## Something Less than the New Revolution

But when he articulates this vision, Nixon on occasion deals in simplicities of virtue, spiritual nostalgias, even paternalistic atavisms that are as unrealistic as the excesses of radical rhetoric. In an extraordinary interview he granted to the Washington *Star-News* before the election, Nixon said: "The average American is just like the child in the family. You give him some responsibility and he is going to amount to something. If on the other hand you make him completely dependent and pamper him and cater to him too much, you are going to make him soft, spoiled and eventually a very weak individual."

For all the dazzle — and trials — of his foreign relations, Nixon's domestic record in the first four years has represented something less than his "New American Revolution." When the President heralded that objective two years ago, he listed six major goals: revenue sharing, government reorganization, health insurance reform, welfare reform, full employment and new environmental initiatives. Of those efforts, only general revenue sharing has been approved by a hostile Congress; the other goals have proceeded fitfully or not at all. Most of Nixon's domestic efforts in Congress have involved beating back passage of bills the Administration regarded as too expensive. When that failed, he resorted to the veto or, as in the case of the very expensive water-pollution bill, he simply refused to spend all the funds authorized.

In the Nixon years, federal spending has mounted mas-

## THE NATION

sively, but in his second term the President will try to curb the rate of increase. It is also going to be a period of rough riding for the President on Capitol Hill. Majority Leader Mike Mansfield has announced that he will pursue ways to develop Democratic alternatives to White House proposals. In fact, chances are that Nixon will simply not propose a great deal, but will concentrate on trying to run more efficiently the vast number of federal programs already in being. The middle and blue-collar classes certainly do not want to pay more taxes for programs which, they feel, benefit mostly the blacks or other members of what sociologists call the "under class." But there may be some areas—for instance, medical care or the environment—where even Nixon's own constituency may eventually become dissatisfied in the absence of greater federal effort.

Nixon's victory hardly caused a mood of merriment to descend on Republican Washington. "We are sore winners," said one Cabinet member. The morning after the election the President demanded resignations from 2,000 politically appointed members of his Administration, including his entire Cabinet, so that he could clean house as he chose. Only four of his eleven Cabinet members will still be at their desks after Jan. 20, plus Elliot Richardson, who moves from HEW to the Department of Defense. The only obvious pattern in the changes is an emphasis on managers, budget trimmers and loyalists. But the large turnover, which is being reflected in lesser posts down the line, serves a larger management purpose in Nixon's mind. Nixon told reporters in a post-election Camp David meeting: "The tendency is for an Administration to run out of steam after the first four years, and then to coast, and usually coast downhill." Too often, he observed, men in government "after a certain length of time becomes an advocate of the status quo; rather than running the bureaucracy, the bureaucracy runs him."

### From Privacy to People, Power and Peace

What Nixon seems not inclined to tamper with is the staff of his palace guard, whose pettiness and unswerving zealotry, many would argue, do not serve the President well. More than ever, Nixon lives in isolation, avoiding the press as much as possible as he moves from Camp David to Key Biscayne to San Clemente, reveling in the privacy that those retreats provide him. He treats Congress as an entity to be ignored or an obstacle to be surmounted, often to the distress of its members even in his own party. Although the Administration during the campaign observed a moratorium in its vendetta with the press, it has now begun a calculated drive to frighten the TV networks into more "balanced" coverage (see TELEVISION).

His critics call him remote and heartless, but Nixon believes that he is linked in a mysterious way to the great American majority—the silent American, the middle American, the middle class, the middle-aged. He believes a majority of Americans share his vision of a traditionalist revival, of trying to make less government work better, of encouraging local remedies and local responsibilities for local problems. It is his version of power to the people, and it is a power he thinks can be harnessed to change the direction and spirit of the country for good. Observes TIME's Hugh Sidey: "He is out to lay claim to a whole counter-counterculture, this one the culture of Middle America."

Abroad, Nixon will now concentrate on making his *Realpolitik* an ongoing reality through SALT II, world trade and money agreements, the slow, patient task of redefining ties with old allies. By visiting China and Russia, Nixon and Kissinger have constructed a triangular world order with Japan and the major European powers also invited to play new roles in his "generation of peace." All this could, of course, be undone if President and Adviser cannot end the war in Southeast Asia. It remains, as it was, incredibly, four long years ago, Nixon's and Kissinger's first and most vital priority, a possible destroyer of the best of presidentialcies and policies. Together the Men of the Year accomplished much in 1972, but the essential achievement continued to elude them.



"The President thought it would be nice for us to be seen together!"



"Who's the guy with Kissinger?"

"Dick, we visited the people of China and Russia; maybe it's time we visited the people of America."



# Chronology: How Peace Went off the Rails

**I**n early October Henry Kissinger flew to Washington with a 58-page document in his briefcase. It was the draft of an agreement that he believed—and millions of others were soon led to believe—would lead to a rapid settlement of the Viet Nam War. What went wrong? TIME correspondents in Washington, Paris and Saigon have reconstructed the chronology of events, both public and hitherto secret, since peace first appeared a possibility in 1972:

**SEPT. 11.** For the first time since Kissinger began secret talks with Hanoi in August 1969, the North Vietnamese hinted that they would accept a cease-fire in South Viet Nam without the removal of President Nguyen Van Thieu. A genuine compromise at least seemed possible.

**OCT. 12.** At a villa near the Paris suburb of Gif-sur-Yvette, Kissinger and North Viet Nam's Le Duc Tho quickly arrived at the draft of a nine-point agreement. It was not yet a full accord; some vital details were yet to be filled in. But it constituted a major breakthrough. The plan separated the purely military issues from the political ones; it provided for an in-place cease-fire that would end the major fighting immediately, a U.S. withdrawal and the return of the American prisoners of war within 60 days, and for the establishment of a purposefully vague political process through which the Vietnamese would work out their future later on. In broad terms, the compromise awarded to the narrowly based Thieu regime a chance to survive and to the Communists legitimacy in South Viet Nam, plus an affirmation of Hanoi's position that Viet Nam is one country, temporarily divided.

The North Vietnamese, Kissinger said, fought for an Oct. 31 signing date "almost as maniacally as they fought the war." He promised to make a "major effort" to get the agreement signed by then, but he pointed out on six separate occasions that the draft would have to be accepted by all parties. The North Vietnamese may not have taken his meaning; they had always assumed that Kissinger was speaking for both President Nixon and the South Vietnamese.

Kissinger returned to Washington with the impression that the agreement could be completed in a matter of days—a belief that he was to retain, through one setback after another, until the very end.

**OCT. 13-16.** Nixon studied the draft with Secretary of State William Rogers. Nixon's own lawyer's eye told him that some of the provisions might need some tightening up and that Kissinger would have to nail down the understandings and protocols for the cease-fire machinery. But he was pleased, approved the plan and ordered Kissinger to Saigon to sell it to Thieu. The only dark cloud was a prescient warning by the CIA to expect serious trouble from Thieu.

**OCT. 18-20.** Kissinger and his entourage were in high spirits when they arrived in Saigon for the first meeting with Thieu, a 3½-hour session in the presidential palace attended by most of the South Vietnamese National Security Council. But the mood changed abruptly. Thieu complained that he was not ready for a cease-fire. Kissinger bluntly replied that the peace plan offered many advantages for South Viet Nam and gave Thieu a "fighting chance" to survive—all that could be hoped for in any compromise deal.

Kissinger reportedly insisted that "we were successful in Peking, we were successful in Moscow, we were even successful in Paris. There is no reason," he added, "why we cannot be successful here." At that point, Thieu's young (29) chief assistant Hoang Duc Nha interrupted Kissinger with a short but heated lecture. "So far," said Nha, "history has shown that the United States has been successful in many fields. But history does not predict that in the future the United States will be successful here."

Thieu played his hand shrewdly, never committing himself either way, always asking for clarification and comparisons between the Vietnamese and the English texts. Still,

Kissinger got the impression that Thieu would accede, and so advised Nixon.

**OCT. 21.** Acting on that assurance, Nixon sent a message to Hanoi asserting that though a few matters needed clarification, "the text of the agreement could be considered complete" and an Oct. 31 signing seemed feasible. The plan was for a bombing and mining halt on Oct. 23; Kissinger would go to Hanoi on Oct. 24 to wrap up the loose ends in a final two-day negotiating session and initial the agreement. Formal signing would take place a week later in Paris.

**OCT. 23.** At the fifth and last meeting in Saigon, only Kissinger, U.S. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, Thieu and Nha were present. At last Thieu rendered judgment, and it was devastating. He violently denounced the nine-point plan. He insisted on a total withdrawal of North Vietnamese forces and the establishment of the DMZ as a political frontier. He scorned the proposed interim political body, the National Council of Reconciliation and Concord, as a coalition government in disguise.

Nixon, who was already beginning to worry that the Communists might be planning an offensive timed to begin just before the cease-fire, sent a second message to Hanoi. It said that the Oct. 31 signing was not possible because of difficulties in Saigon and asked for a new round of talks. The Hanoi trip was off; Kissinger, startled by the depth of Saigon's apprehensions, left for Washington in a somber mood, conceding to Thieu: "We go along with you."

**OCT. 24.** Taking his case to the Vietnamese people, Thieu went on TV to emphasize the sovereignty issue, which was to become the core of his objections to the plan. "North Viet Nam is North Viet Nam and South Viet Nam is South Viet Nam," he said. "For the time being one must accept the two Viet Nams, and neither side can invade the other."

**OCT. 25.** Apparently alarmed by Nixon's pullback from a signing and Thieu's protests, Hanoi broke the secrecy of the agreement and broadcast a summary of its provisions, warning of grave consequences if the U.S. did not sign on Oct. 31. The disclosure was aimed at forcing the U.S. to adhere to the original deal despite Thieu. Scant hours earlier, Kissinger said that he believed there would be a cease-fire in "a few weeks."

**OCT. 26.** Word of Hanoi's power play reached Kissinger in Washington at 2 a.m. He called Nixon immediately. The next morning, the two met to discuss the U.S. response, and agreed that Kissinger would go on TV to give the Administration's version. The important thing, they agreed, was to maintain the momentum of peace. Kissinger was thus to address himself primarily to Saigon and Hanoi. With that in mind, he hardly considered the elation his words would cause in the U.S., and was surprised by it, he later admitted. Nixon specifically approved Kissinger's language in the assertion that "we believe that peace is at hand." And Kissinger genuinely believed it. But it was also a purposeful device to reassure Hanoi and warn Saigon of Washington's continued, earnest desire for a settlement.

Part of the strategy succeeded: only six hours later, North Viet Nam cabled agreement to another round in Paris. But Nixon did not want Kissinger to hurry back to Paris too soon; so as not to be accused of playing politics with peace, he had decided not to resume negotiations until after the election. Also, now that the agreement's text was public, the President began to get some other opinions on the merits of the bargain that Kissinger proposed to strike—from the State Department, the Pentagon, the White House staff. Not all were approving. Some of Nixon's old wariness in dealing with Communists may have begun to assert itself.

**NOV. 2.** Something like that seemed evident in Nixon's TV address on this evening, in which he said that there were "ambiguities" in the plan and these must "be settled before we sign the final agreement." Yet privately Nixon decided

*continued*

that he would stop well short of trying to satisfy all of Thieu's doubts on the sovereignty question. Kissinger was to seek a concession on the DMZ aspect, Nixon ruled, and if he got it, they then would try to force Thieu to sign. If Thieu still refused, the U.S. would make a separate peace with Hanoi.

**NOV. 20-25.** Kissinger, finally back in Paris, was confident once again that everything could be wrapped up in a day or two. He got the North Vietnamese to agree on language affirming the DMZ as a provisional political division line. But then the talks stalled, apparently because the North Vietnamese were awaiting Politburo consideration of American "clarifications." The two sides broke for an eight-day recess.

**NOV. 29.** Thieu's special emissary, Nguyen Phu Duc, flew to Washington to tell Nixon that Hanoi's concessions were insufficient. Nixon rejected nearly all of Duc's demands, which included a massive North Vietnamese troop withdrawal. But the President was still bothered about the DMZ; he told Kissinger to bring the issue up again in Paris.

**DEC. 3.** Apparently anticipating a breakdown in the talks and a resumption of bombing by the U.S., Hanoi began evacuating the capital's schoolchildren to the countryside.

**DEC. 4-13.** Kissinger, in Paris again, was still optimistic. And for a time the talks went well enough for his deputy, General Alexander Haig, to return to Washington to prepare to take a completed agreement to Saigon. But then Kissinger raised the DMZ issue for the second time, and Le Duc Tho exploded. Obviously reflecting Politburo decisions, the North Vietnamese angrily retracted concessions made in earlier sessions and flung down new demands.

Kissinger continued to display good cheer for the photographers, but his optimism finally began to fade when Le Duc Tho gave him Hanoi's long-delayed protocol governing the I.C.C. on "the night before I was to leave Paris, six weeks after we had stated what our aim was, five weeks after the ceasefire was supposed to be signed." To the U.S. the proposal was a joke; it called for a force of 250 men to handle a task the U.S. thought would require a force of some 5,000 men.

Far more disturbing to Kissinger—and to Nixon—was a sudden North Vietnamese reversal on the fundamental issue of the return of the American prisoners. In October, the North Vietnamese had agreed to an unconditional return of the P.O.W.s within 60 days. Now they sought to tie the P.O.W. release to a release of thousands of political prisoners in South Viet Nam—a matter that they had earlier agreed to defer to later negotiation among the Vietnamese.

What were the North Vietnamese up to? They might have been hoping to appease the worried Viet Cong by tying the P.O.W. release to the political-prisoner problem. They might have simply decided to agree to no more efforts to tighten the agreement. In any case, Nixon was furious at the P.O.W. reversal and evidently convinced that Hanoi believed he had little room to maneuver. Nixon summoned Kissinger home, interrupting the talks.

**DEC. 14.** Nixon sent an ultimatum, giving Hanoi 72 hours to resume serious negotiations.

**DEC. 18.** The bombers flew north.

What happens next? The virtue of the Kissinger plan as it stood in early October was that it really did separate the military issues from the intractable political issues. It is true that the very vagueness of the original draft—not to mention its reaffirmation of Hanoi's "one Viet Nam" position—was highly advantageous to the North Vietnamese and the Viet Cong. It is arguable that they won those advantages on the battlefield. But the effect of the Saigon-inspired delay since mid-October has been to weaken, perhaps mortally, the original compromise. Both delegations have been sweating to tie the military and political issues back together in ways that would benefit their own sides. It may be very difficult for anyone to pull the issues apart again.

*Kissinger joking with Le Duc Tho (right) and aide  
With Nixon after the breakdown*





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## Coffins and Corruptions

*The literature of the illicit narcotics trade bristles with tales of pernicious ingenious capers and official corruption. It will probably be a long time, however, before any new chapters can top the two now unfolding. In one case, it is believed that traffickers used the bodies and caskets of American servicemen to smuggle drugs into the U.S. from Southeast Asia. In the second, huge quantities of heroin confiscated by the New York police department were systematically stolen, put back into the street trade, and may now be a source of horse far the holidays. Herewith reports on the two cases.*

### Grisly Smuggling

It looked like a routine flight home from Southeast Asia with a stop at Hickam Field, Hawaii, before the final leg to Dover Air Force Base in Delaware. Aboard the KC-135 were 64 passengers, many of them G.I.s, and two military coffins. Suddenly, the plane was ordered to reroute slightly and land at Andrews Air Force Base in Maryland. There federal authorities, acting on a tip that 20 kilos of heroin were aboard, virtually took the transport apart. They did not find any drugs, but they did discover that one of the two bodies, which had undergone autopsy earlier, had recently been restuffed.

The agents arrested Thomas Edward Southerland, 31, of Castle Hayne, N.C., who was dressed in the uniform of a U.S. Army sergeant. Southerland, who falsely claimed he had served a twelve-year hitch in the Army, was arrested on charges of impersonation and using fake documents.

Southerland was arraigned in U.S. district court in Baltimore and held in lieu of \$50,000 bail. That seemed pretty stiff for the formal charges, but Assistant U.S. Attorney Michael E. Marr made the bail stick by convincing a district court last week that Southerland was an "incredibly high bail risk." The reason, federal authorities believe that Southerland is an operative in an international ring that allegedly has been smuggling millions of dollars worth of heroin into the U.S. over the past eight years. The principal *modus transportati*, investigators contend, is G.I. cadavers.

The grisly logistics are not as difficult as they may appear to be. Smugglers with access to military facilities apparently have managed to sew the heroin into the corpses in Southeast Asia. While the body count is low these days, it only takes a few to bring in a sizable cache of drugs. The smugglers can do this—as well as travel back and forth at will—by dint of counterfeit credentials. On this flight the heroin was presumably removed at Hickam Field, where many military transports from Indochina stop for 16 to 24 hours before proceeding to the mainland. The planes there are under minimal guard.

Since there are no customs inspections, this is relatively easy. Authorities estimate that the ring buys the drug in Southeast Asia for \$1,700 a kilo and resells it in the States for up to \$250,000. A full-scale investigation is under way both in the U.S. and in Southeast Asia. If it bears out these suspicions, the conflict—will find itself face to face with the most vicious case of war profiteering in its history.



FLAG-DRAPE COFFINS OF SERVICEMEN COMING HOME  
The grisly logistics are not so difficult.

TIME, JANUARY 1, 1973



N.Y.C. POLICE PROPERTY CLERK'S BINS

### Missing Evidence

If the thefts from the New York City police department's supposedly secure evidence stacks continue at the present rate, there will soon be nothing left to guard. Two weeks ago, Police Commissioner Patrick Murphy announced that 57 lbs. of heroin confiscated in the famous 1962 "French Connection" case were missing from the property-storage room. The following day it was discovered that an additional 24 lbs. were lost. Then last week the abashed commissioner learned that another 88 lbs. of heroin and 131 lbs. of cocaine had been stolen from the police department. Still more losses are expected to be discovered, including narcotics, cash, jewels and furs.

Murphy was predictably outraged. Said he: "This is, without a doubt, the worst instance of police corruption I have uncovered. I am determined not to rest until the 'vestiges of this problem have been root, 2 out.' That is going to take some big-time rooting, since there is obviously more to all of this than a couple of dishonest clerks dipping their hands in the till. TIME has learned that two Mafia families—those of Carlo Gambino and Joe Bonanno—were involved. The Gambinos set up the looting, authorities say, and have already pushed 169 lbs. of the stolen drugs in Harlem. The going price: around \$100,000 per pound.

Thus far the only suspected police link that has surfaced is Narcotics Detective Joseph Nunziata, whose signature—probably forged—was on the form with which 24 lbs. were signed out. Nunziata died of gunshot wounds inflicted by his own revolver last March. The death was labeled a suicide, but that verdict was challenged by Nunziata's widow Anna and her attorney, John

## THE NATION

Meglio, who said: "Joe wasn't the kind of man who would commit suicide." Indeed, mob sources have been saying that Nunziata's death was a "hit," ordered by the Gambinos because they feared the detective might talk about the heroin thefts.

Why didn't the police destroy the heroin and cocaine caches? The bureaucratic answer is that evidence must be kept while there is any chance of legal appeals or additional prosecutions in a case. Still, it would seem that the possession of such valuable and tempting evidence as hard drugs called for the most stringent security measures. The property clerk's office is a midden of paper and confusion, where tons of pieces of evidence are stored under the casual supervision of an understaffed force. Incredibly, no inventory of confiscated goods has ever been made.

All too belatedly, Murphy assigned a 200-man task force to make a full inventory of all narcotics supposed to be in police possession. That, of course, will take weeks. Also, it is doubtful that a mere inventory will do much to get at the inside source of the thefts. One item the cops probably will not find is the clothing worn by Nunziata when he died. Meglio sought the garments as evidence in challenging the suicide ruling, but they turned out to be missing from the property room.

## THE CITIES

### Who Needs It?

Revenue sharing, that paradigm of creative federalism, sounds big in the aggregate: \$2.5 billion in the first installment of Government funds recently sent to communities round the country. But what does that mean, town by town, in terms of the bottom line? Not a whale of a lot, if you are Robert W. Harshaw, mayor of McConells, S.C. (pop. 200). Harshaw, 69, a dairy farmer, does not remember specifically applying for a federal grant. Still, he received a check for \$346. Uncertain as to what to do with such dubious largesse, Harshaw consulted Councilman Sam Crawford, who advised: "Just send the darn thing back." Which is precisely what Harshaw did.

Harshaw soon received congratulatory letters from small-town mayors in Texas and Tennessee. In the Kansas City, Kans., suburb of Westwood (pop. 2,300), Mayor Joe Dennis bounced back a check for \$37,000. Westwood, he said, did not need the money. Then Mayor Jack Cauble of Coahoma, Texas (pop. 1,200) rejected, with city council approval, a check for \$1,889. His action was rooted in prairie suspicion. "I would have sent it back even if it were \$18,000," he insisted. "When I was a kid my mother used to send me out for a switch and then whip me with it. This is like being put into bondage with your own chains."

## DEMOCRATS

### Mellow Mood

When Dallas Lawyer-Businessman Robert Strauss was elected chairman of the Democratic National Committee (TIME, Dec. 18), many McGovernites prepared for the worst. They expected him to do to them what they had done to so many of their adversaries in the party—dump them. But that is not his style of politics. Since his election three weeks ago, he has been trying to bring some cohesion to the fractured Democrats. In fact, he wants the party to be a family ball. "Goddam!" he says. "Let's make this party a place where you can have a laugh and a drink again."

Already he has created a mellow mood among Democrats. Although



CHAIRMAN ROBERT STRAUSS  
Let's have a ball.

identified with the conservative Texas faction, he has pledged not to try to repeal the reforms that have given greater clout to minorities, women and young people. He announced that he would fill nine of the committee's 25 at-large posts with blacks—not a matter of quotas, he insists, but recognition of the heavy black Democratic vote in November. He backed Oregon State Chairman Caroline Wilkins for vice chairman over the wives of prominent politicians. "I want a strong, visible woman," says Strauss, "not just somebody's wife."

**Moving.** He has appointed his McGovernite predecessor, Jean Westwood, to the Charter Commission, which has the job of setting up a mid-term party convention in 1974. George Meany, one of Strauss's principal backers, is unhappy with United Auto Workers President Leonard Woodcock because he supported McGovern. But Strauss will keep Woodcock as chairman of the Commission on Delegate Selection.

"I want this party to start improving a quarter-of-an-inch a day," he declares. To date, he has covered considerably more territory than that. As soon as he was elected chairman, he chatted with McGovern and Ted Kennedy. Last week he saw George Wallace and made plans to talk to George Meany, Edmund Muskie and Humphrey. "The first thing we've got to do," he says, "is to take the bitterness and rancor out of our political discourse. It started at Chicago in 1968 and it has never abated."

To point up the change in party outlook, Strauss plans to move committee headquarters out of the ill-fated Watergate apartment-office complex when the lease expires in February. Not only were Democratic offices bugged but the location is too opulent, he thinks, to house the party of the people. Strauss had told his aides to look for a replacement closer to Capitol Hill, where Democratic strength lies.

How Strauss will handle his troublesome old pal John Connally is a large question mark. He says that he will ask Connally to become more active in Democratic party affairs—assuming Connally does not bolt permanently to the Republicans. Some associates have reported a certain coolness between the Texas buddies, but they still share a lake house where their families vacation together and the two pals sip whisky and swap yarns.

**Growing Up.** A few of the McGovernites were in Strauss's corner to begin with; others are now coming around. Says Ted Van Dyk, who formulated issues for McGovern: "Strauss means it when he says that he's no ideologue. He's uncomfortable when discussion gets beyond the fact that it's better to elect a Democrat than a Republican." Reflecting on the Strauss victory, Journalist Stephen Schlesinger, son of Historian Arthur remarks: "Maybe the most important story here is that the McGovernites have grown up. A few months ago, we would have been wailing over something like this."

Strauss's jovial persona is the kind of tonic the Democrats need in an otherwise cheerless time. Strauss, 54, is the striving son of a Texas dry-goods merchant. He has been an adept money-maker both for himself and the Democrats; he is also a man who can—and often does—call someone a "sonabitch" without having to smile. It is the other person, in fact, who smiles or even laughs.

Rising at 5 or 6 in the morning, he drives hard during the daylight hours until late afternoon, when he drops everything to relax. He likes to play poker or go to the races. No swimming has understood why he built a swimming pool at his Dallas home since he rarely goes near the water. Strauss explains: "Because I like to come home after a hard day at the office, pour myself a martini, open the blinds, look out on that pool and say: 'Strauss, you are one rich sonabitch.'" And every body smiles.

## UNITED NATIONS

## A Sense of Irrelevance

ALMOST unnoticed—except perhaps by the attending delegates—the 27th session of the U.N. General Assembly adjourned last week. After more than 500 meetings and 1,500 hours of debate, the delegates succeeded in passing 153 resolutions. Nine dealt with disarmament, seven with Palestinian refugees, four with decolonization and South African apartheid, and three with bans on nuclear testing—all issues on which the U.N. has made little progress in the past.

A majority of the small, poor coun-

voted with the majority 92% of the time, according to the World Association of World Federalists, while Nigeria and Yugoslavia scored 85% and the Soviet Union 60%. The U.S. withheld support from 15 out of 20 key resolutions. It refused to support a proposal that the Indian Ocean be declared off limits to foreign navies, and it came out against a resolution once more ordering Israel out of occupied Arab territories. It also refused to legitimize armed struggles in southern Africa because, as U.S. Ambassador George Bush put it, support

and we are moving toward a concept of new centers of power upon which to build a new structure of peace."

Some Western experts are concerned about the extent to which the U.N. has been downgraded. Former U.S. Ambassador Charles Yost wrote recently: "When the Assembly of 132 states adopts a resolution, that action represents, as nearly as any action can in a world of separate sovereign states, the predominant public opinion of the world. It may not have the force of law, but it often has the force of prophecy."

President Nixon obviously disagrees. But his strategy of benign neglect toward the U.N. is probably based less on big-power realities than annoyance over many of the General Assembly's actions. Against all economic and administrative sense, African members insisted this year on setting up the U.N.'s environmental-program headquarters in Nairobi, Kenya, far from all related U.N. agencies. A U.S. proposal for a convention to curb the spread of skyjacking and other terrorism never came to a vote (TIME, Dec. 25). Torture and repression of political dissidents by regimes as varied as those of the Soviet Union, Brazil and Greece are considered out of bounds at the U.N. because they are "internal matters." The Assembly has condemned white racism in South Africa and Rhodesia, but has chosen to ignore General Idi Amin Dada's treatment of the Asians in Uganda.

About the only major decision delegated to the General Assembly in recent years was the seating of China—a fortuitous development for those who attend Assembly sessions as well as for the West. The game of vituperation between Soviet and Chinese delegates provides moments of rare entertainment in the dull proceedings. It has also reminded everyone that there are other conflicts than the ones between rich and poor, capitalist and Communist, nuclear and non-nuclear, white and nonwhite.



SECRETARY GENERAL WALDHEIM (LEFT) & COLLEAGUES DURING ASSEMBLY DEBATE  
The force of prophecy perhaps but not the force of law.

tries, which now account for 97 of the General Assembly's 132 votes, harp on these themes—mainly because the U.N. is the only place in the world where they can make themselves heard, and also because these issues are the only ones on which the Third World nations tend to agree. This year the U.S. was the only member to vote against and finally abstain from the main disarmament resolution. The proposal was unexceptional, merely calling for a committee to study the possibility of holding a general disarmament conference, but the U.S. regarded it as pointless since it would simply lead to more talking.

Indeed, the U.S. is increasingly at odds with the General Assembly's majority. This year it voted for only a few resolutions, including one to reduce its own budget contribution from 31% to 25% of the total. By comparison, such African states as Zambia and Burundi

for guerrilla armies was "contrary to the U.N. charter."

In the end, the Assembly resolutions made little difference because the 97-nation majority—which together pays only 14% of the U.N.'s dues—lacks the clout to follow through. Its leaders are well aware that the current diplomatic moves toward *détente* have taken place outside the U.N. Brazil's Ambassador to the U.S., J.A. de Araujo Castro, spoke for many Third World leaders recently when he observed, "It is a fact that the U.N. is becoming irrelevant on matters of peace and security, and runs the risk of being converted into a sort of international institute of technology or into an ineffective chapter of the International Red Cross." He added: "The discussions on the major international questions have become the *chasse gardée* [private game preserve] of an ever dwindling circle of major powers,

## EAST GERMANY

## The Price of Recognition

On the eve of winning the international recognition they have sought for 23 years, the East Germans were acting with peculiar furtiveness about their diplomatic coup. Last week West Germany's foreign policy troubleshooter Egon Bahr, newly named Minister for Special Tasks, arrived in East Berlin to sign the basic treaty providing for formal diplomatic relations between the two states. He was whisked by fast car from Schönefeld Airport to the Council of Ministers building for a hasty signing ceremony with East German State Secretary Michael Kohl. The event was carried live on West German television



## THE WORLD

but not on Eastern broadcasts. Nervous party bosses forbade East Berliners to gather in the streets, apparently fearing politically embarrassing demonstrations of solidarity with West Germany.

Although the East German government was not trumpeting the good news to its citizens, the treaty opens the way for international acceptance of the German Democratic Republic, long a pariah state acknowledged only by the Communist and Arab blocs and scattered sympathizers. In the 43 days before the treaty was signed, 15 countries, led by Pakistan, accorded recognition to East Berlin. Last week they were joined by Greece and Cyprus—bringing the total of nations that recognize East Germany to 49. Denmark, Canada and

is a successor state to the Nazi Reich. The treaty accepts the presence of two separate nations on German soil, implying that there are now two such successor states. That in turn provides a legal base for claims against East Germany for war damage and confiscation by the Nazis as well as by the Communists.

Until now, West Germany has claimed that it is the only true German state and has paid out a total of 40.4 billion marks in war-related claims (the equivalent of \$12.6 billion at the current rate of exchange for the mark, which has fluctuated between 23¢ and 31¢ since the payments began). Those payments included 3.45 billion marks to Israel. East Germany argues that it is not a successor state to the Reich but a new

payment for a Royal Dutch Shell refinery nationalized by the Communists, as well as several factories owned by Unilever until 1945. One country that will probably not demand compensation from East Germany is Israel: to do so would only invite a public refusal.

Such claims are unlikely to delay recognition of East Germany, although envoys assigned there might wish otherwise. East Berlin does not have enough apartments or offices to accommodate a pride of diplomats, and all hotel rooms are booked up. The government is building a dozen four-story houses in the diplomatic quarter, apparently allotting them by date of recognition. Other apartments are also being built, but they will not be completed until 1974. The U.S., Britain and France all theoretically own property in East Berlin, on the sites of their prewar embassies. The U.S. is not likely to get its property back; it is located next to the Wall.

A more pressing problem for East Germany is finding diplomats to send abroad. Isolated for decades, the country lacks trained emissaries, a shortage that might be compounded by defections. Any East German has a claim to West German citizenship. Once clear of the Berlin Wall, he would need only to walk into a West German embassy and pick up a passport. The East German regime has gone to such lengths to keep its people at home that this possibility can only make it more nervous about the impact of recognition.



WEST GERMANY'S BAHR (LEFT) & EAST GERMANY'S KOHL AT SIGNING CEREMONY  
Legal conundrums for the international community.

Australia are expected to follow suit. France, Britain and the U.S. will probably exchange ambassadors with East Berlin before the two Germanys enter the United Nations next fall, though as occupying powers in Berlin they do not accept East Berlin as part of East Germany, and will demand a separate provision to that effect.

East Germany's new status presents the international community with a number of major legal conundrums. The two Germanys have been trading freely with each other, a practice that gives East Germany the benefit of Common Market membership and saves it more than \$125 million a year in customs duties. But according to the Treaty of Rome, members of the European Economic Community cannot make bilateral agreements with other European countries. Lawmakers at EEC headquarters in Brussels were told by their governments to find some solution, but have not yet produced one.

A second juridical problem turns on the question of whether East Germany

one, and disclaims any responsibility for damage done by the Nazis. That argument is undermined by the fact that the regime paid 64.4 billion marks in war reparations to the Soviet Union, and 100 million marks to Yugoslavia used as forced labor by the Nazis.

Most Western countries gave up claims against Bonn for war reparations in 1953, when they signed in London an agreement postponing the matter until there was a final peace settlement with Germany—meaning indefinitely. Finland, which did not sign the agreement, is now asking both Germanys for an unspecified sum to cover damage done in Lapland by the retreating Wehrmacht in World War II. East Germany has offered to negotiate with the Finns, but the Bonn regime has replied that it is bound by the 1953 agreement.

There are other claims to provide work for the diplomats who will soon be arriving in East Berlin. The Swiss are demanding more than \$25 million for property and capital confiscated by the Nazis. Holland is anxious to talk about

## COMMUNISM

### Sino-Soviet Sizzle

Seldom since the blusterous days of Nikita Khrushchev had there been such an epithetic attack on China by a Soviet leader. Launching the Soviet Union's 50th anniversary celebrations in Moscow last week, normally restrained Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev lashed out at Peking for "malicious slander of the Soviet political system and foreign policy," for "absurd claims to Soviet territory," for "sabotage of efforts for disarmament," for "continuous attempts to split the socialist camp," for trying to "foment discord" among "national liberation" movements, and for attempts "to range the developing countries against the Soviet Union."

Brezhnev stopped just short of reading the Chinese Communist party out of the Communist movement. But the widening gulf between Communism's two giants was never more evident than in Brezhnev's pointed reference to a nonaggression pact offered Peking by Moscow in 1971. The offer, said Brezhnev, was designed "to assume clear, firm and permanent commitments ruling out a conventional, nuclear or missile attack by one country on the other." The Chinese ignored the proposal, in effect rejecting it. Yet, Brezhnev charged, Peking was willing to enter "the most un-

principled alignments with even the most reactionary forces," so long as they were "anti-Soviet."

For Soviet citizens, his biggest news was that a new constitution will be unveiled at the next party congress, scheduled for 1976. A new charter was necessary, Brezhnev said, to take account of "fundamental changes in Soviet society and the world" since the existing constitution was formulated under Stalin in 1936. Brezhnev added that the new constitution would be submitted to a national referendum. In Soviet political lexicon, that does not mean a mass, single-issue vote but usually a few months of grass-roots discussion, which can be interpreted any way the party desires.

## FRANCE

### L'Affaire Derrière

Suddenly, it seemed, Michel Polnareff's bare backside was staring at all of Paris. Or, rather, all of Paris was staring at it. The sight was scarcely avoidable. It appeared on 6,000 posters that the pop singer-composer had had plastered across the city's walls to promote his "Polnarevolution" show at the Olympia music hall. The posters showed the 28-year-old *chéri* of the Paris entertainment world in sunglasses, a woman's floppy hat, and a lacy shirt raised undemurely to reveal his derrière.

Half of Paris looked and laughed; the other half sputtered with indignation. Actress Micheline Prestle was mildly amused: "Eh bien, he has a very pretty little rear end. It's almost dishonest competition." Similarly sympathetic was Actress Catherine Deneuve, who allowed that she was "weary of naked

women. Let's have some nude men, *s'il vous plaît*." Among those outraged by the spectacle was Henri Larièvre, a professional poster plasterer. In a rear-guard action, as it were, he partially covered some of the posters with white rectangular patches that the French television network uses as a warning against material that is "not for minors."

Haled into court on charges of "exhibiting indecent images in public," Polnareff appeared fully clothed—wearing tight, cream satin pants with a matching bolero, a curly wig and his inevitable sunglasses. His exchanges with Judge Émile Taillandier produced some of the liveliest courtroom dialogue since *Irma La Douce*. Samples:

**Judge:** So you wanted to score a publicity hit and shock the *bon bourgeois*?

**Polnareff:** Not at all. It was simply a practical joke. I just wanted to make people laugh. There's too much moroseness [a word used by former Premier Jacques Chaban-Delmas to describe the current atmosphere in France] in this country.

**Judge:** In sum, you're out to provide a remedy for everything that has gone wrong in France.

**Polnareff:** *Pourquoi pas?* The image of my country shouldn't be limited to the fountains of Versailles and Camembert cheese.

**Judge:** Do you take yourself for a historical monument?

**Polnareff:** France's glories are not only past ones.

**Judge:** Your poster was indecent.

**Polnareff:** I didn't think so.

**Judge:** That's because you can't see yourself.

Pleading for acquittal, Polnareff's lawyer, Gilles Dreyfus, argued that decency was not definable. "Decency varies from one era to another, from one place to another," he said. "A bare-bodied woman on the beach at St-Tropez is not shocking or indecent in 1972. But she would be even today in front of Notre Dame cathedral." After taking two weeks to consider his verdict, Judge Taillandier last week had the tail-end word. He fined Polnareff \$12,000 (\$2 a poster), his record company, which had paid for the posters, \$12,000, and his pressagent, who had conceived the stunt, \$6,000. All together it was a \$30,000 kick in the *cul*.

## UGANDA

### Avenging "Whitemail"

Having expelled 26,000 Asian residents during the past four months, Uganda's tempestuous dictator Idi ("Big Daddy") Amin Dada turned his attention last week to another minority group. This time his target was the remnant of Uganda's British community, which has shrunk from 7,000 to about 3,000 in the past six months.

Big Daddy explained the next step



UGANDA'S PRESIDENT IDI AMIN DADA  
The British were next.

in his "black is best" program for Uganda, in a much-heralded midnight TV broadcast from his official residence, with portraits of Queen Elizabeth and Mao Tse-tung hanging prominently if incongruously in the background. Sweating heavily under the hot lights, he started off with a diatribe against British policy toward Uganda, especially London's recent decision to cancel a \$24 million aid program, which Amin dismissed as "whitemailing." Henceforth, he declared, all British place names in Uganda would be replaced by African ones, and the Kampala Club, a stuffy symbol of British empire that had remained virtually all-white, would become the "Government Club," a meeting place for Big Daddy and his cronies.

Then Amin got down to business. All foreign agricultural and industrial operations would be taken over immediately, he announced. They would not exactly be "nationalized," because "that is a Communist term." Besides, the enterprises will not be run by the government but will be sold off to black citizens who can raise the capital—presumably through government loans.

The takeover affects 26 foreign-owned tea plantations, 20 of them British, and 15 businesses that make or sell everything from cigarettes to detergents. All but one of the businesses are wholly or partly British owned. The exception is International Television Sales, which is owned by an American entrepreneur named Harry Engel. He was expelled from Uganda last month after Big Daddy decided that he was really an Israeli.

Big Daddy's speech did not clarify the fate of 780 Britons—including 565 teachers, 77 university instructors and 45 doctors—who are in Uganda under a British-aid program. The British gov-

POLNAREFF POSTER IN PARIS



## THE WORLD

ernment, which pays 40% of their salaries, had announced that these subsidies would be phased out over a two-year period. In his broadcast Amin appeared to say that British-aid employees would have to decide by Dec. 31 whether to stay on at "local salaries"—that is, by taking a 40% pay cut—or leave the country. Later he softened the blow a bit, however, by announcing that some aid employees could stay on until their contracts expire, provided that they can pass a "screening" next month to satisfy Big Daddy that they are not "subversives" or "confusing agents." Amin's afterthought should help a little; immediate expulsion of all British specialists, on top of the mass departure of skilled Asians, would force most hospitals and high schools in the country to shut down for lack of staff.

In London British Foreign Secretary Sir Alec Douglas-Home attacked Amin's latest moves as "contemptuous by any standards of civilized behavior" and "incompatible with the behavior expected within the Commonwealth partnership." He demanded guarantees of "prompt, adequate and effective compensation" for all British property affected and implied that Britain would take whatever legal action it could against Amin's government. In an interview he was asked why the British government did not retaliate by attaching Uganda's sterling reserves in London. "Because they haven't any," he replied.

## RHODESIA

### Apartheid Edges North

Harder times lie ahead for Rhodesia's blacks. The Parliament of the breakaway colony recently adopted a series of harsh new measures designed to impose South African-style *apartheid* on its 5,000,000 subjugated Africans. Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith still speaks confidently of achieving a "settlement" with Britain some time next year. But he knows full well that the new measures, if his government enforces them severely, could hardly be accepted by the British government.

Among other things, the new laws 1) forbid Rhodesian blacks to travel outside the country unless each journey is approved by a white civil servant, 2) force all Africans over age 16 to carry an identity pass at all times, on pain of a \$140 fine and six months in jail, 3) reinforce the segregation of public swimming pools, 4) bar blacks from moving to white urban areas unless they have jobs or special permits, 5) prevent Africans from being served food and drink in white areas after 7 p.m. on weekdays and all day Sunday, and 6) declare purely white areas "Europeanized" to prevent "infiltration" of Asians and coloreds.

A likely next step: race classification boards, like those in South Africa, to determine who is white and who is not.

## BANGLADESH

### Not Yet Shonar Bangla

THE "Voice of Thunder," as it became known in the pre-independence days of Free Bangladesh Radio, rolled across the multitude squatting on the dry yellow grass of the Dacca race course. "If the people of Bangladesh don't want me to contest the elections, then I don't want to sit in the National Assembly. Any one of you can go and sit there instead of me. Shall I contest the election? Should I? If you want me to contest, then raise your hand. Raise both hands to show you want me." Nearly

half a million pairs of skinny brown arms shot into the air. "Yes, yes, yes!" shouted the crowd, which had gathered before Sheikh Mujibur ("Mujib") Rahman to celebrate the first anniversary of Bangladesh's liberation from Pakistan. "We want you, *Bangabandhu*."

As *Bangabandhu* ("Father of the Nation"), Mujib clearly still possesses the image and oratory to move the emotions of his people. Largely because of his personal mystique, his Awami League seems certain to win the first national elections, slated for March 7. Opposition parties, in fact, will probably win only about 50 of the Assembly's 300 seats. But in his reign so far as Prime Minister by acclamation, Mujib has had much less success in moving his country toward internal peace and prosperity. Born in bloodshed, Bangladesh continues to bleed, both literally and metaphorically. Political murders among warring nationalist factions number in the hundreds, and the new nation, with a population of 75 million—it is the eighth largest in the world—suffers from severe problems in food, housing, transportation and industry.

Many of the problems are, of course, legacies of the nine-month civil war, in which West Pakistan tried to smother the independence movement of Bangladesh (then known as East Pakistan). Apart from costing the lives of an estimated 3,000,000 Bengalis, the repression ravaged the countryside. According to a United Nations agency report, more than 4,617,000 houses were completely or partially destroyed in an area roughly the size of Wisconsin. In addition, the country's primitive river

THEK MUJIB AT DACCRA RACE COURSE



BENGALI WOMEN PREPARE MEAL WITH FOOD SUPPLIED BY U.N. RELIEF PROGRAM



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And advertisers aren't the only ones who've been realizing the value of MONEY.

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And when a magazine can help people get more out of their wallets, it's got to pay off for everybody.

For the people who read it.

For the people who advertise in it.

And, for the people who make it.

**Money**  
The special interest magazine  
that's of special interest to everybody.

## THE WORLD

and rail transportation systems were mangled, and the jute industry, which had accounted for 90% of East Pakistan's exports, was battered by damage to crops and sabotage to mills.

The depredations of the war are not the only reasons for Bangladesh's slow progress. Jute manufacturing, now running at 25% to 30% of capacity, has been hampered by labor squabbles and by a shortage of professional managers necessary to run the nationalized industry efficiently. Tea production, the nation's second most important industry, is also in trouble because most of the low-grade Bangladesh tea used to be sold in West Pakistan, and alternative markets have not been found. Lack of trade with West Pakistan,\* which formerly supplied Bangladesh with many of its manufactured goods, has contributed, along with a shortage of foreign exchange, to acute inflation. Consumer items, from detergents to refrigerators to cigarettes, have trebled in price.

**Relief.** Things could be worse. After all, the people of Bangladesh have suffered three consecutive years of natural or man-made disasters—a calamitous cyclone in 1970, the civil war in 1971, and a crop-crippling drought this year. That they have not experienced mass starvation is largely due to a massive inpouring of foreign relief, totaling \$1.2 billion. The largest contribution, \$328 million, comes from the U.S., which has given considerably more than Bangladesh's staunch political allies, India (\$258 million) and the Soviet Union (\$101 million). Much of the relief has been in the form of food supplies, designed to provide each person with a daily ration of at least 15 ounces. But food remains a major problem, and aid will have to continue next year or millions could indeed starve to death. One factor currently worrying relief officials in Dacca; if and when peace comes to Viet Nam, they told TIME's James Shephard last week, it could divert aid away from Bangladesh.

In sum, Bangladesh had little reason to enjoy a happy first birthday. If it is not the "basket case" that Henry Kissinger once called it, neither has it become the *Shonar Bangla* (Golden Bengal) envisioned by Mujib. How much this is the fault of Mujib is a moot question. It is true that he has had little time in which to combat some of Bangladesh's immense problems. Nevertheless, some critics contend that he has wasted some of the time playing the role of popular revolutionary figure (such as personally receiving virtually any of his people who call on him) when he should have been concentrating more on serious matters of state. If, as expected, he is elected in March, Mujib will face a clear test of whether he is not only the father of Bangladesh but also its savior.

\*Though Bangladesh and Pakistan do not officially recognize each other yet, some clandestine trade is being conducted in both directions via Singapore.

## THE PHILIPPINES

### In Search of Normalcy

Outside Manila's Malacañang Palace last week, artificial Christmas trees constructed of wire loops draped with red and white paper streamers overshadowed the surrounding palms. The only signs of the martial law imposed on the country last September were a few added sentries. Inside the palace, a gilded, 20-ft. artificial tree, adorned with mother-of-pearl ornaments, stood in the great chandelied reception hall. In contrast, the office of Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos was almost austere. Marcos last week talked with TIME Correspondent Roy Rowan, who sent this report.

Marcos looks tired. The three months of martial law and the assassination attempt on his wife, when a man with a knife slashed the First Lady during a ceremony in a park near Manila (TIME, Dec. 11), clearly show in the deep lines of his face. Marcos said he had been a little more cautious of late: "The problem for the First Family is that you have no defense against a man who is prepared to die in an attempt on your life."

During our 65 minute interview, a major topic was the new constitution—providing for a parliamentary instead of a presidential form of government—that Filipinos will be asked to endorse in a plebiscite on Jan. 15. Other subjects ranged from crime to Women's Lib. Excerpts:

Marcos said that he had "directed the media to encourage debate on the new constitution"—though opposition newspapers have all been closed down. But, the President said, "I would like to encourage those who are against the new constitution to come out and debate it. In fact I have instructed the military not to arrest, detain or question anybody for anything he may say against the new constitution."

If the new constitution is ratified on Jan. 15, would Marcos consider the emergency over and lift martial law? "The emergency has nothing to do with ratification of the new constitution," he replied. "Ratification of the new constitution offers us the chance to shift to normalcy when and if the time comes. If we don't ratify this constitution, the opportunity to shift to normalcy may be delayed for some time. But let's say a rebellion threatens our security. Let's say it happens next October or November. In that case I would have to call for a stricter form of martial law. Please take note, I said *if* this rebellion occurs. It is my hope that I can lift martial law by the end of 1973."

According to the new constitution, Marcos, who was limited to two terms under the old law, will be able to serve simultaneously as interim President and interim Prime Minister as long as he pleases. Manilaños joke that each day



IMELDA MARCOS WITH PRESIDENT  
More cautious.

after the plebiscite, President Marcos will relinquish a little power and Prime Minister Marcos will gain a little. Asked if he had any idea how long after the ratification of the new constitution he would call for new elections, Marcos replied: "I would rather not speculate. Under the old constitution, an election would take place in 1973. Since martial law has been declared, presumably this election will not occur."

Other Marcos observations:

**ON THE U.S. AND CHINA:** How do you Americans put it? When the big boys play in the yard the small fellows stand on the side and watch. There is nothing much we can do, is there?

**ON U.S. BASES:** The matter is under negotiation. Since the trade agreements with the U.S. expire in 1974, the entire relationship between the U.S. and the Philippines is under negotiation. I don't want to undercut the negotiators.

**ON WOMEN'S LIB:** We are way ahead of you. In the Philippines we put women up on a pedestal. We retain some of the Old World chivalry that defers to women. There is no prejudice against women in professional life. Women have good judgment on investments. The husband who does not consult with his wife on investments is a strong-hearted man.

Just then Imelda Marcos, wearing a bright orange dress, her bandaged right arm hanging in a red bandana sling, slid quietly in through a side door and offered a bandaged left hand. She wore no makeup, but she didn't need any. Long curving fingernails, painted a shiny silver, protruded from the bandages on both hands and extended easily an inch beyond the end of her fingers. "You see," she said, "my hands are not only healing, they are manicured."

## PEOPLE

Can anyone with a Nobel Prize and a novel currently on the bestseller lists be financially "desperate"? That is Russian Novelist **Alexander Solzhenitsyn's** own word for his own situation. His books are banned in the U.S.S.R. and his royalties are piling up in Switzerland, where he cannot get at them. As word of his plight spread, some unusual Samaritans offered to help. First came Hollywood Writer **Albert Maltz**, once jailed and blacklisted for refusing to tell a congressional committee whether he was a Communist. Maltz said that the Soviets owe him some \$34,000 in royalties on his writing (*The Cross and the Arrow*), and should pay it all to Solzhenitsyn, "an incredible human being, one of the moral giants." Then came two Pulitzer-prizewinning novelists, **Robert Penn Warren** (*All the King's Men*) and **Bernard Malamud** (*The Fixer*), who also announced that they wanted their Russian royalties paid to Solzhenitsyn. But the Soviets do not have any copyright treaties with the West, and they deny any obligation to pay royalties to Americans. Besides, said one top official, Solzhenitsyn doesn't need any help because he is "well off." Actually the Russians allow the novelist to get a trickle of money from Switzerland (taxed at 40%), but he has to live very modestly. As for the Soviets turning over money from other writers, Solzhenitsyn said, "I'm convinced they won't give me a single kopeck."

"So they sent it and I read it and I thought, 'ccccchh.'" **Barbra Streisand** was recalling the script of *Up the Sandbox*, the just-released film in which she plays a daydreaming housewife who flirts with Fidel Castro and blows up the Statue of Liberty. Barbra soon changed her mind, accepted the part and went off to Kenya to film one of the daydreams. While there she had a

STEF SCHAPIRA



blue flower painted on her cheek, put together her own Samburu tribal costume and sat for a chat with an African and his two wives. "How would you like Barbra as your third wife?" asked one onlooker. The African said nothing but looked apprehensive.

She wasn't suggesting for a minute that the law be changed, but **Bess Myerson**, onetime Miss America and now New York City Commissioner of Consumer Affairs, did sound a bit wistful as she told a *Daily News* columnist how the medieval French used to keep merchants honest. A royal edict of 1481 held that "anyone who sells butter that contains stones or other things to add to the weight will be put into our pillory; then said butter will be placed on his head until entirely melted by the sun. Dogs may lick him and people offend him with whatever defamatory epithets they please without offense to God or king." Alas, the commissioner concluded, "we are more gentle toward transgressors today."

"What fun it was—all the ridiculous simple things we did! The excitement was tremendous. One day in August we made 55 selling lemonade..." So thrilled **Lee Radziwill** in a little memoir entitled *Opening Chapters*, the first (and so far only) installment of her prospective volume of reminiscences. Running a slender 1,500 words in the January *Ladies' Home Journal*, and accompanied by snapshots of Lee and Sister Jackie with their dog and some horses, the article so delighted the *Journal's* publishers that they threw a party. **Truman Capote** came to render homage: "Charming, well written, and she wrote it herself." The star guest was **Jacqueline Onassis** herself, whose most recent recollections probably involve the problems of being photographed while sunbathing



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**JACKIE & LEE AS CHILDREN**  
Ridiculous, simple things.

Liberal Sage **J.K. Galbraith** greeted her accordingly: "Why, Jackie! How good to see you with your clothes on!"

"They were careless people," wrote **F. Scott Fitzgerald** of two leading characters in *The Great Gatsby*. "They smashed up things and creatures, and then retreated back into their money or their vast carelessness, or whatever it was that kept them together, and let other people clean up the mess they had made." Paramount Pictures thought it knew just the actress to play the careless Daisy Buchanan in the **David Merrick** production of the 1925 novel: **Ali MacGraw**, wife of Paramount's executive vice president Robert Evans. Then Evans and the actress separated, and the studio went looking for a new leading lady. Among those it tested: **Faye Dunaway**, **Candice Bergen** and **Katharine**

**Ross**. The final choice: **Mia Farrow**, who, despite a case of flu, donned a 1920s' costume, took a screen test, and then pronounced herself "thrilled and excited and looking very forward to making the film."

As faithful as Santa Claus, **Bob Hope** arrived in the Far East on his 22nd annual Christmas tour of military bases. From Korea to Viet Nam, Hope offered the familiar smorgasbord of pretty girls (like Miss World) and buffoonery (like dressing up as a samurai). Can this show go on forever? Hope is now 69, and he told a luncheon in Tokyo that the 1972 tour would probably be his last. But then he added "If some kind of emergency arises, I may burst out."



**HOPE AS SAMURAI**

**STREISAND AS AFRICAN**

## Japan's Picture Boom

"We couldn't have gotten a better price," said Director Thomas P. Hoving, struggling to defend the clandestine sale of the Metropolitan Museum's major Rousseau, *The Tropics*, which—together with a Van Gogh—went out the back door to a dealer for a rumored total of \$1.5 million. He might have tried Japan first. Last week Tokyo Art Dealer Tokushichi Hasegawa took delivery of the Rousseau, which he had bought from Marlborough Fine Art in London and resold to an Osaka businessman (anonymous, for "tax reasons") for \$2,000,000. Said Hasegawa who, at 33, is vice president of Nichido Gallery, Japan's largest art shop: "I only felt sorry that I couldn't pick up the Van Gogh as well."

**Names.** High as the Rousseau's price was, it made no stir in Japan's suddenly febrile art market, which is a reflection of the country's prosperity. One of Hasegawa's neighbors in the Ginza, the Yoshi Gallery, sold a Rouault oil to a collector for \$2.6 million last year, and Japan's new passion for Western painting has been reflected in similarly inflated prices all the way down the line. Works by the old reliables of the Paris School—Chagall, Modigliani, Renoir, Picasso—many of inferior quality and some of them outright fakes, routinely go for 20% to 2,000% above their New York or London prices. About 500 galleries have mushroomed in Japan, and especially along the Ginza, in the past few years. Says Dealer Yoko Fukushima: "The mad Japanese buying abroad has long turned Tokyo into the world's best market for second-rate works by first-rate artists. Japanese buy names, not quality." Even the patriarchal trading houses of Japan are in on the act—sometimes with depressing results, as when the huge Marubeni Corp. added art to its "general trading" department (along with cement, cameras and sundry goods) and got stuck with a dubious Botticelli at \$500,000. "I still don't know anything about this business," admits the Marubeni staffer who was shifted from exporting Japanese toys to importing European art.

Many Japanese corporations consider it a necessary status symbol to hang a Matisse or a Renoir in their VIP reception rooms. Japan's newly rich are also well aware that such art is now a good investment. One Osaka real estate baron recently won fame in the trade by phoning an art dealer these directions: "Get me 100 million yen [\$330,000] worth of art—get me whatever you think would prove moneymaking." Japanese art buyers are operating like Sony executives all over Europe and the U.S. "No hammers go down nowadays either at Christie's or Sotheby's," one of them placidly observed last week, "without at least one of us raising his pudgy hand."

## Vulnerable Ugliness

"I have learned anything is possible...that vision or concept will come through total risk, freedom, discipline. I will do it." When Sculptor Eva Hesse wrote this exalted sentiment three years ago, she was already dying; her larger works had to be executed by student friends at her direction; she did not live to see her reputation expand beyond a small coterie of New York City artists and critics.

Born a Jew in Germany in 1936, wounded by the separation of her parents in America and the later suicide of her mother, Hesse may be said to have been shaped by crisis. Her diaries are of a lacerating candor. Her history is reflected in the tough-mindedness of her sculpture. Eva Hesse's work exerted a steady, underground pressure on the look of New York art. The galleries are stuffed with artists whose products are unacknowledged variants on hers. Last week, a posthumous retrospective of her work opened at Manhattan's Guggenheim—if "retrospective" is not a pompous term for a view of five years' work. We will never know what Hesse might have done if the tumor had not rioted in



SCULPTOR EVA HESSE  
Out of lacerating candor.

her brain, killing her in 1970 at the age of 34.

Because she died at an age when most artists are only getting into their stride, it is not surprising to find that Hesse's main dialogue was with her contemporaries in New York: the spiky or woolly boxes of Lucas Samaras, Claes Oldenburg's soft sculptures, Jasper Johns' borderline works between sculpture and painting. The remarkably intense exchange recalls, like a lost epoch, the temper of New York in the '60s.

Hesse's work oscillated between fundamentalism and funk: on one hand, a reductive, seemingly casual approach

to sculpture, which also lay behind the scatterings and floor pieces of artists like Richard Serra and Carl Andre (shavings, or planks, or tiles, or indeed anything except a figure on a base); on the other, the use of droopy, cracked, hanging, banded, sprawled, repetitive and otherwise unideal forms as references to the human body, its vulnerability to age and gravity, its indelicate openness. Hesse's role in providing American art with an exit from the minimalist impasse was crucial. Her ambition was to go in below the level of style, making art whose sensuous appeal was obliterated by its coarse, laconic materials: latex, cheesecloth, scrap metal.

Indeed, some of her best pieces hardly become "art" at all. *Hangup*, 1965-66, is a rectangular frame, "tied up," as Hesse put it, "like a hospital bandage." A long loop of metal emerges from one corner, traces a wambling arc in the air, flops on the floor and creeps



HANGUP (1965-66)

back into the opposite corner. It is articulately made but looks stumbling and impoverished, like a Beckett tramp. It still seems daring, but was vastly more so six years ago, when Minimalism still imposed its demands of geometry, scalelessness and high industrial polish on most new American sculpture.

Hesse called *Hangup* "the most ridiculous structure I ever made, and that is why it is really good. It has a kind of depth of soul or absurdity." The form of her later pieces—ragged sheets of latex, irregular fiber-glass cylinders strewn at random on the floor, tangled webs of rubbery cord hanging from the ceiling like a three-dimensional version of Pollock drips—is partly an effort to give sculpture the fluidity of abstract-expressionist painting and partly a direct celebration of incongruity. Decoration, she believed, was "the only art sin." It was not a peccadillo she ever committed, ugly, difficult and raw though Eva Hesse's work is, it constitutes one of the most forthright statements in 1960s art.

■ Robert Hughes



### The Price of Life

Some 10,000 Americans suffer irreversible kidney failure each year. The human body cannot survive longer than about three weeks unless it can rid itself of the waste products that are normally excreted by the kidneys and excreted in the urine. This means that the victims face certain death unless they can do one of two things: 1) receive intermittent dialysis treatments, in which the blood is removed from the body and cleansed of most of its impurities, or 2) get a kidney transplant. Both alternatives are expensive. Dialysis can cost \$25,000 or more a year; a kidney trans-

has been on dialysis for three months, Medicare will pick up most of the hospital costs for continuing dialysis or a kidney transplant. If the individual subscribes to Part B of Medicare for \$5.80 a month, the Government will pay 80% of his doctor bills.

Reaction to the law is enthusiastic. "This is a major breakthrough," says Dr. Ira Greifer, the National Kidney Foundation's medical director. Though firm figures are elusive, it was estimated that more than 8,000 people would die in 1972 for want of treatment that medical technology could supply. Presumably, this figure will drop substantially after the law takes effect.

What this will cost in tax dollars has yet to be determined. Dr. Theodore Steinman, director of dialysis at Boston's Beth Israel Hospital, expects the national total of patients receiving regular treatment to double to about 15,000, then level off. About half of those, it is estimated by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, will qualify annually for Medicare aid (others will get help under other programs). Initial cost: \$125 million.

With financing available, transplants, which are both more desirable and economical, should increase as the supply of donor kidneys permits. The Rogosin Kidney Disease Treatment Center at Manhattan's New York Hospital plans to double its transplants to 120 a year. The number of dialysis units, both in hospitals and in the privately owned "blood-washing service stations" that are springing up across the country, is also expected to increase.

**Quality Control.** So are the problems, unless strict standards are set by the Social Security Administration Benjamin Burton, of the National Institute of Arthritis and Metabolic Diseases, believes that review boards should be established to evaluate the nature and quality of treatment provided kidney patients in hospitals and private facilities. He also feels that they should determine which patients are suitable candidates for either dialysis or transplants. (Dialysis was ruled out for former President Harry Truman, for example, because doctors felt it would not appreciably improve his condition.) Without such monitoring, abuses could jeopardize efforts to extend similar coverage to other diseases.

Such efforts seem likely to be undertaken. Louisiana's Senator Russell Long, one of the amendment's sponsors, tried in vain to get Congress to underwrite the cost of treating all catastrophic illness. But with kidney disease as a precedent, Congress may have a hard time withstanding the pressure of other medical lobbies who demand subsidized treatment of such illnesses as hemophilia, multiple sclerosis and heart disease.

► Monosodium glutamate, a commonly used flavor enhancer, has been linked with the chest pains and headaches of the so-called Chinese restaurant syndrome. But chow mein is not the only dish that may trigger "dietary migraine." Dr. Neil Raskin and William Henderson of the University of California at San Francisco report in *Lancet* that sodium nitrite, a preservative mixed into some hot dogs, sausages and cured meats, can cause "hot-dog headaches." The pair base their findings on the study of a 58-year-old man with a seven-year history of painful, nonthrobbing headaches whenever he ate frankfurters, bacon, salami or ham. No other food seemed to induce the headaches, but randomly administered doses of sodium nitrite did. The doctors are not sure how sodium nitrite causes the headaches, but have no doubt as to how they can be avoided. Once their patient excluded hot dogs and cured meats from his diet, his headaches disappeared.

► Partial color blindness, a genetic defect that affects over 8,000,000 Americans, is an incurable affliction. But for those who suffer from the most common form of the disease—the inability to distinguish between reds and greens—a Waltham, Mass., optometrist named Harry Zeltzer now offers some relief. He has found that a red contact lens, designed to be worn on only one eye, improves color discrimination. Zeltzer and other optometrists have prescribed the new lens for some 50 men, most of whom report that they can now distinguish colors they have never before seen. One man, who was turned down for a job as a telephone company repairman because he failed color tests, has been retested wearing the new lens and accepted. As an added bonus, his girl friend has stopped criticizing his taste in clothes.

► Americans love coffee: they consumed 13.6 lbs. per person last year. But their taste for the brew may be dangerous. A team of physicians from Boston University Medical Center reports in *Lancet* that people who drink more than five cups of coffee a day are twice as likely to suffer heart attacks as people who drink no coffee at all. The researchers base their hypothesis on a study of 276 patients admitted to hospitals with acute myocardial infarctions. The team found that those patients and 1,104 others who were used as controls differed little in medical history or smoking habits. But when coffee consumption was compared, the differences were dramatic. All the heart attack victims consumed appreciably greater quantities of coffee. The Boston group carefully avoids indicting coffee as a cause of heart attacks. Their findings suggest, however, that people already prone to heart problems would do well, when coffee-break time rolls around, to at least skip a second cup.



**PATIENTS UNDERGOING KIDNEY DIALYSIS**  
For more people, a prolonged life.

plant costs \$15,000 to \$25,000. Unless they are rich, qualify for veterans' benefits, or live in states that help pay for such care, many kidney patients simply cannot afford the price of life.

This economic obstacle, however, is about to be lowered. In its closing days, Congress amended the Social Security Act to provide federal support under Medicare for much of the cost of treating patients with end-stage kidney disease. The amendment, Section 2991 of the act, means that for the first time, the Government will accept responsibility for a group of patients regardless of age, occupation or financial status.

The new provision, which takes effect July 1, is comprehensive. It provides that if a kidney-failure victim has been paying Social Security taxes and

## Professor Out of Step

He looked like a rather ordinary figure—short, bespectacled, with graying hair and mustache—and he acted as though this were just another day, just another lecture. Five minutes late, he strode into Room 569 of New York University's Waverly Building and confronted the two dozen students of "The Philosophy of History and Culture." First, "to clean up some housekeeping," there would be an exam after the holidays, and "I don't want to hear just what you know but why you know it. And I always tell my students that if they write just one brilliant sentence on an exam, he or she will get an A—but I am the sole judge of that sentence."

The acerbity, the energy, the passionate demand that his students reach out further to excel—all these were characteristic of one of the nation's most distinguished teachers, Sidney Hook. And it was not an ordinary day at all. Hook had just turned 70 and, after 45 years, he was teaching his last class. For the occasion, he said he would break one of his rules and try to explain his own philosophy. "Though there is no substitute for intelligence, it is not enough," said Hook. "There are human beings who have intelligence but do not have the moral courage to act on it. On the other hand, moral courage without intelligence is dangerous. It leads to fanaticism. Education should develop both intelligence and courage."

That *envoy* was typical of the man who once told a friend, "I've had a wonderful week; I've had a fight every day." Born to poverty in Brooklyn, educated

under John Dewey at Columbia, Hook was one of the first college teachers to give an analytic course on Marxism, and his left-wing activities duly brought demands for his dismissal. Over the years he wrote and edited some 35 books (*The Hero in History*, *Education for Modern Man*), and he always relished a good argument—particularly an argument against dogmatism or dictatorship. In the mid-1930s, he helped organize the militant left-wing American Workers Party, but also spoke out against Stalinism as well as Fascism. After World War II, he joined in founding the anti-Communist American Committee for Cultural Freedom, but also in denouncing Senator Joseph McCarthy. More conservative in recent years, he has been an outspoken critic of student radicals ("gravediggers of academic freedom") and of any quota system in academic appointments ("a manifestation of racism"). Says he: "I've always been out of step, a premature Marxist, a premature anti-Communist." His students best remember him as a teacher who, as one of them put it, "pounds, pounds, pounds away at us." Says another: "Sure, we have class discussions, but you really have to think before you speak or he'll knock you down in one second."

When Hook's last class ended, there were champagne toasts and talk of the future. He plans to write five more books, on politics, education, philosophy, and the tragic sense of life—and on his own life, to be entitled, naturally, *Out of Step*. In addition, said Hook, "I will be chopping wood and carrying manure for my wife's garden." Beyond that? At one point during his lecture, he held out a clenched fist and asked his students: "If I had within my hand the date at which you would die, how many of you would like to know it? Only a foolish person would want to know, because he would die a thousand times in expectation of that date."

## A Cure for a "Plague"

A *dictée*, as every French schoolchild learns to his sorrow, is a dictation exercise full of traps for the unwary. Prosper Mérimée, author of the original *Carmen*, once offered a 248-word specimen as a test at the imperial court in Compiègne, and Napoleon III committed 75 errors. (Empress Eugénie made only 62.) Nothing much has changed since then in the stern regulations governing how the French teach their language to their children. Grading is fierce (more than five mistakes on a *dictée* bring a zero), and two out of three students flunk at least one year of elementary school.

Finally, a half-century after the last major revision of the rules, the Ministry of National Education has announced a broad program of reform to

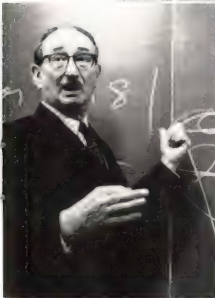


SCHOOLCHILDREN IN PARIS  
A turn toward poetry.

start next fall. The old *dictées* will give way to exercises designed to help a student's development. No longer will pupils be compelled to memorize long lists of irregular verbs, or to suffer punitive homework consisting of copying conjugations a hundred times over. Indeed the ministry described the traditional teaching of grammar as a "plague." Instead, children will be encouraged to talk and act freely in class. Even the scratchy pens with which French children learned to write an elegant hand are to be discarded in favor of ballpoints and felt tips.

The heart of the report, says Education Minister Joseph Fontanet, is the establishment of "a new balance between theory and practice (with the accent on practice), between children's spontaneity and formal pedagogy. In the past, we have been overly suspicious of their spontaneity." Now Fontanet says he hopes to build a new balance between purely intellectual study and the development of children's sensitivity—"we have to create libraries in every classroom and to make poetry a fundamental part of primary school learning." Perhaps, he suggests cautiously, the children who have been drilled in the verse of Lamartine and de Vigny might enjoy "modern" poets like Guillaume Apollinaire (1880-1918).

"High time," the weekly newsmagazine *Le Point* said of the reforms, "because everyone recognized the bankruptcy of the teaching of French in primary schools." One leading pedagogue at the Ministry of Education, Jean Repusséau, praised the changes as evidence "that we have taken a long stride forward." In comparison with the informality of most U.S. elementary schools, however, it might be said that France is only belatedly catching up



SIDNEY HOOK IN ACTION  
A fight every day.



FLUTIST SHAFFER RECORDING COPLAND'S "DUO"

## Queen of the Flute

Memorials to great musicians usually take the form of plaques, busts or scholarships. When the time came five years ago to create a memorial to William Kincaid, for 39 years first flutist of the Philadelphia Orchestra, it seemed that something more was called for. So 70 of his former pupils and friends, together with Conductors Eugene Ormandy and Leopold Stokowski, chipped in to commission a new piece for flute by an American composer. Just as there was no doubt that the man to write the piece should be Aaron Copland, so there was no doubt that the flutist to play it should be Elaine Shaffer.

Shaffer had learned virtually everything she knew about the flute from Kincaid. Shortly before his death in 1967 at the age of 71, he had handed down his extraordinary platinum flute to her. She was not just the queen of the flute, but one of the world's two or three finest concert flutists, male or female. In 1971, Shaffer and Pianist Hephzibah Menuhin gave the world premiere of the new work at a benefit for Philadelphia's Settlement Music School, with Copland in attendance. Last week in New York, Shaffer recorded the work for Columbia Records, this time with Copland, 72, at the piano.

Pastoral and elegiac in mood, *Duo for Flute and Piano* is a chamber-music gem that should become a staple of the scant flute literature. In it, Copland returns to the comparatively simple harmonic and melodic world of *Appalachian Spring*, though the piece is far from simple to play. "Ai-yai-yai-yai-yai!" Copland cried out repeatedly at the recording session as he missed one or another of his own notes. A few feet away, Shaffer smiled sweetly back, having nothing to swear about, since she misses a note about as often

as the sun fails to come up.

The daughter of an Altoona, Pa., insurance agent, Elaine Shaffer got her first musical experience as a tympanist in her high school orchestra. "There wasn't much to do there behind the kettledrums," she recalls. "Then I noticed that the flutes were always busy, and gee, they got to play in the band at football games." She bought a flute and an instruction book and taught herself to play. Upon graduation, having become a Kincaid admirer through recordings, she auditioned for him, and was promptly enrolled as his pupil at the Curtis Institute of Music. Four years later she landed her first job: second flutist with the Kansas City Philharmonic. The conductor, Efrem Kurtz, not only took her

with him as first flutist in 1948 when he began the reorganization of the Houston Symphony Orchestra, but in 1955 he also married her.

In those days, a solo career for a flutist was a virtual impossibility in the U.S. Most of the leading players were working in orchestras, giving recitals on the side. Shaffer had had enough of the orchestral life. She and Kurtz moved their base of operations to Europe, where despite Aristotle's warning ("The flute is not an instrument which has a good moral effect; it is too exciting"), the flute has remained in high standing. There she established herself among the concert world's handful of top-rank women instrumentalists.

Today the Kurtzes live in a chalet in Gstaad, Switzerland. Shaffer ranges

out from Budapest to Berne, Australia to South Africa, to give 50 to 60 concerts and recitals a year. From the front door, she can also ski directly to the lift lines of the Gstaad ski area. This is more important than it might seem. A flutist must have the wind and physical stamina of a well-conditioned athlete.

Besides stamina, the hallmark of the Shaffer style is a big, crisply colored tone that can penetrate the thickest orchestral texture. Her Kincaid platinum instrument not only sounds like a veritable *Heldenflöte*; it actually is one. It weighs 20 oz., compared with 15 oz. for the average silver model. Shaffer psychs herself into certain musical moods, thinking of bright white lights for staccato passages, for instance, or of the setting sun when she has to change from fortissimo to pianissimo. "As the sun drops lower," she explains, "the heat may lessen but the colors become more intense. That is what a pianissimo should be like."

As her many Angel LPs attest (notably the *Bach Flute Sonatas* with Harpsichordist George Malcolm), Shaffer is thoroughly at home in the recording studio. "Making a recording is like taking your stage makeup off," she says. "For example, the same tempi that work well before an audience tend to sound too slow coming from a disk. The same is true of dynamics. You can't be as loud, and you can't be as soft." Wherever she is playing, Shaffer tries to preserve the feeling that she is singing instead of merely blowing. That helps explain why she watches her pre-concert diet as carefully as an opera star. Milk is out; it coats the vocal cords. Salad, fruit or anything acid is worse: it irritates the lips and the music. At the top of the danger list are carbonated beverages: "Largely," says Shaffer, "because bubbles have a way of rising to the wrong occasion."

## The Year's Best LPs

**BERLIOZ: VENENUTO CELLINI** (*Philips*, 4 LPs). Berlioz's first opera is deeply poetic, grandly exuberant and stunningly performed under Conductor Colin Davis.

**SCHOENBERG, BERG, WEBER: COMPLETE STRING QUARTETS** (*DG*, 5 LPs). A landmark of recorded chamber music by the LaSalle Quartet.

**MAHLER: SYMPHONY NO. 8** (*London*, 2 LPs). Conductor Georg Solti triumphs in a work that, in emotional scope and array of forces, is a most difficult challenge to recording.

**HAYDN: SYMPHONIES NOS. 49 TO 56** (*London Stereo Treasury*, 4 LPs). A choice sampling of the rich little-known "middle-period" symphonies, stylishly conducted by Antal Dorati.

**ROSSINI: LA CENERENTOLA** (*DG*, 3 LPs). From Conductor Claudio Ab-

bado comes a stereo recording worthy of Rossini's comic masterpiece.

**STRAVINSKY: PETERSHKA** (*Columbia*). Conductor Pierre Boulez at his and the composer's best.

**ARETHA FRANKLIN: AMAZING GRACE** (*Atlantic*, 2 LPs). The high priestess of soul returns memorably to the gospel style in which she started.

**PAUL SIMON** (*Columbia*). Unpretentious poeticizing about many of the same urban and exurban complaints that Simon & Garfunkel used to adjudicate so well.

**DAVID BOWIE: THE RISE AND FALL OF ZIGGY STARDUST** (*RCA*). A gripping evocation of the fearful doom that can sometimes threaten a rock star, from one of the most talented—and most fearful—of the breed.

**JOHN PRINE** (*Atlantic*). Blue-collar blues from an ex-mailman who may be the closest thing yet to the old Bob Dylan.



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## Highway Fatality

TRAFFIC

Directed by JACQUES TATI  
Screenplay by JACQUES TATI  
and JACQUES LAGRANGE

Jacques Tati has made three previous excursions into the amuck world of M. Hulot, upon whose heron head rain down all manner of comic disasters. *Mr. Hulot's Holiday* (1953), the first, still seems the best, the most genuinely poignant and inventively funny. Further installments—*Mon Oncle* (1958) and *Playtime* (1967), photographed in 70 mm. and yet to be released in the U.S.—have grown progressively more precious. Often the complexity of a Tati gag outweighs the punch line. In *Traffic*, it overwhelms it. Ingenuity, not wit, is the real point of the exercise, and laughter is strangled by mechanics.

Virtually plotless, the film is a series of skits having to do with the efforts of M. Hulot and his fellow employees of the Altra auto company to get a new-model family camper from the firm's Paris plant to an auto show at Amsterdam. They are waylaid on the highways by a seemingly endless variety of motorized misfortunes, ranging from an elementary flat tire to an epic collision. Oddly, most of the movie is so slow that it seems to have been enacted under water. Watching Hulot (Tati) trying to make his way through mazes of automobiles is a little like watching a wayward eel float through a fleet of submarines.

**Diligent Pupil.** As a comic actor, Tati has become over the years so closely calculating that he has lost all trace of spontaneity and humanity. His every gesture is self-conscious and self-congratulatory. As a director, he has become a great deal more elaborate but somewhat less inspired. *Traffic's* set pieces, like a large pile-up of cars in an improbable accident, all seem too cherished and worked over; they have a laboratory air about them.

Tati has obviously—perhaps too obviously—learned from the old masters. Keaton's mechanical virtuosity is on view, or at least attempted, as are Chaplin's timing and resilience and Langdon's scrambled innocence. Tati absorbs and assimilates each skill like a diligent pupil taking great care with his lessons, and that is the way they are applied. Watching Tati is like listening to the brightest kid in the class run through his homework, dogged, letter perfect and without inspiration. His movies since M. Hulot's debut have been very like the best scene in that film, where Hulot, out for a little recreation, finds himself slowly and inescapably folding up in a kayak, then sinking majestically beneath the sea.

• Jay Cocks

## Impossible Dream

THE HEARTBREAK KID

Directed by ELAINE MAY  
Screenplay by NEIL SIMON

This is an eccentrically funny movie, often cutting and poignant at the same time. It suffers from miscalculations and the kind of dizzy errors that might have leveled another undertaking; but Elaine May, both as a film maker (*A New Leaf*) and a performer, is someone from whom we have come to expect a kind of carefree inconsistency. By now it is part of her appeal. She veers effectively, if not exactly smoothly, through wild changes of mood and attitude, from very human comedy to sharp satire to a sort of urchin wistfulness. Her reactions to her characters are so complex and abrupt that the audience is



"HEARTBREAK KID'S" JEANNIE BERLIN...

always kept lagging a little behind and slightly off balance. It is an odd sensation, but pleasant.

The Neil Simon script is blessedly free of the frenetic banter of his plays. The plot, taken from Bruce Jay Friedman's short story, *A Change of Plan*, is a bright comic idea: a man on his honeymoon falls in love with another woman. Lenny Cantrow (Charles Grodin), a sporting goods salesman in New York, marries a sweetly vacuous girl named Lila Kolodny (Jeannie Berlin). The wedding is small, echt New York Jewish, with folding chairs in a rented hotel room and piped-in music featuring a recognizable and wildly inappropriate soft-drink jingle.

On the way to the honeymoon in Miami Beach, Lila does little things that start by vaguely irritating her new husband and end by giving him long second thoughts. She talks constantly about what their life will be like after 50 years of marriage, craves chicken salad and postcoital Milky Ways and, on her first day in the sun, bakes herself to a fearful incandescence. She spends the next couple

of days in the hotel room, time enough for Lenny to fall wildly in love with a snippy blonde from Minnesota named Kelly Corcoran (Cybill Shepherd).

Lenny is an emotional deadbeat, but he is possessed of singular determination and ambition. He pursues Kelly past the obstacles of her granite father (Eddie Albert) and a divorce from his own weepy Lila, chases her down on campus in Minnesota, where he woos, wins and finally weds her. The ceremony is posh Protestant, the reception elaborate, and that same soft-drink jingle plays brightly in the background.

Deftly played by Charles Grodin, Lenny is a half brother to Alex Portnoy, whose adolescent reverie while he watched "the gentle girls" ice-skating at night ("How do they get so gorgeous, so healthy, so blonde?") might make a



... & SHEPHERD & GRODIN  
Foibles and all.

good epigraph for *The Heartbreak Kid*. Lenny's handdog adoration of Kelly, the definitive homecoming queen, turns him into exactly the kind of chattering fool that Lila was. One of the crucial problems with the movie is that Shepherd, who is ideally icy in the earlier Miami scenes, cannot manage the difficult transition into actually caring for Lenny. Even on the day of the wedding she seems to be putting him on.

The other actors help a great deal. Jeannie Berlin, May's daughter, is adept at playing the same sort of antic stupidity as May and making it not only recognizable but also winning. Eddie Albert is spectacular, a figure to strike terror into any suitor's heart; his character is a combination of George Abbott and Eric the Red.

Elaine May shares with John Cassa-

vets a consuming affection for people, foibles and all. She is superb at discovering little incidents or bits of business that take the taint of caricature off a scene and lend it immediacy: a plump lady, a member of the first wedding party, turning her right hip ever so slightly to edge down the aisle; or Lenny, at the second wedding, grinning briefly in involuntary triumph at the minister. May does tend to stress Lenny's obtuseness, his blind selfishness, rather too much. But *The Heartbreak Kid* survives its faults; indeed it seems almost to defy them. ■J.C.

## Quick Cuts

**THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS.** Adapted from Paul Zindel's 1971 Pulitzer-prizewinning play, this saga of a bitchy, boozy mother and the two daughters she victimizes is sentimental without really being tender, naturalistic without being real. The elder daughter (Roberta Wallach), a callipygous, gum-snapping high school cheerleader, suffers from epileptic seizures—presumably a result of life with mother. The younger, ethereal offspring (Nell Potts) escapes into the world of scientific research. She wins a prize for a school experiment concerning the supposed deleterious effects of gamma rays on sensitive marigolds: some survive, it seems, blooming beautifully. The parallel between flowers and daughters is stressed long past the point of endurance. Joanne Woodward is asserive and brassy as the mother, but never seems to get past the character's mannerisms. The daughters are exceptional. Roberta Wallach (daughter of

Anne Jackson and Eli Wallach) is a model of the kind of controlled frenzy that many older and more experienced actors never master. Nell Potts (daughter of Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman) has a vulnerability and translucent beauty that summon up memories of the young Elizabeth Taylor. Her father directed quite nicely.

**ACROSS 110TH STREET.** It is tempting to call this bit of New York City crime busting a new low in senseless brutality, racial exploitation and pandering to an audience. However, it only fits a pattern set by such sleazy predecessors as *Cool Breeze* and *Super Fly*. Three black hoods who are down on their luck knock over a numbers bank in Harlem, getting away with \$300,000 and killing a couple of cops and a gaggle of gangsters. The constabulary, the Mafia and the black crime organization that ran the bank each embark on a separate campaign to bring the bandits to rights and, of course, start stumbling over and shooting each other in the process. If the film makers had cared to concentrate on the political or social implications of such a story, they could have produced a kind of *Battle of Algiers* in Harlem. Director Barry Shear (*Wild in the Streets*) concentrates mostly on a hoked-up conflict between a fading police captain (Anthony Quinn, also one of the film's producers) and his black successor (Yaphet Kotto). Anthony Franciosa impersonates a notably dumb and vicious Mafia muscle man, whose sole function is to torture various blacks and die spectacularly, providing the audience with opportunity for plenty of indignation and vicarious, bloody triumph. ■J.C.

## The Year's Best Films

**CHOICE IN THE AFTERNOON.** The best of Eric Rohmer's *Six Moral Tales*: a blithe and biting comedy about marriage and temptation.

**CRIES AND WHISPERS.** An especially intense and private work by Ingmar Bergman, with some astonishing acting (to be reviewed next week).

**DELIVERANCE.** A dazzling visual tour de force by John Boorman about four Georgia businessmen struggling to survive a nightmarish voyage into the backwoods.

**THE DISCREET CHARM OF THE BOURGEOISIE.** Luis Buñuel's intricate and elegant dissection of middle-class amorality, shrewd and very funny.

**FRENZY.** Alfred Hitchcock approaches top form again with this droll little study in terror.

**THE GODFATHER.** Not only a phenomenon but a fine film, wonderfully directed by Francis Ford Coppola and flawlessly performed by the entire family.

**GREASER'S PALACE.** Perfidious mad-

ness by Robert Downey, an unlikely but hilarious combination of the old West and the New Testament.

**THE GREAT NORTHFIELD, MINNESOTA RAID.** An odd and original western made by Philip Kaufman, the most arresting new talent of the year.

**THE HEARTBREAK KID.** Poignant and pointed comedy by Elaine May.

**THE KING OF MARVIN GARDENS.** Bruce Dern and Jack Nicholson are superb in Bob Rafelson's tenaciously fascinating rendering of the dead end of the American dream.

**MY UNCLE ANTOINE.** Claude Jutra's lustrous chronicle of a boy's coming of age is the best since Truffaut's *The 400 Blows*.

**THE SORROW AND THE PITY AND A SENSE OF LOSS.** Dealing respectively with the Resistance in France and contemporary Northern Ireland, these two films by Marcel Ophüls make up a uniquely personal and compassionate contribution to the cinema as essay.

**WHY.** Alberto Sordi's performance lends depth to Nanni Loy's savage comedy about a false arrest.

## THE PRESS

### Newsmen v. the Courts

Keeping confidences is part of the newsmen's stock in trade. A promise that the source of a story will be kept secret is often vital before an interview is permitted. Journalists argue that such confidentiality is protected by the First Amendment guarantee of a free press.

But lately the courts have been seeing things differently. In the past year three newsmen\* have come out second best in arguments with the courts. Last week the courts won another round in the clash between the press and the law. U.S. District Court Judge John Sirica ordered John Lawrence, Washington bureau chief of the Los Angeles *Times*, to hand over tapes of his newspaper's interview with the chief prosecution witness in the Watergate bugging case. When Lawrence refused, Sirica ordered him jailed.

The *Times*'s troubles added a new dimension to a growing conflict over the rights of newsmen to keep secrets. The *Times*'s source—former FBI Agent Alfred Baldwin III—was clearly identified in the story. Defense lawyers wanted the tapes of his interview on the chance that unused portions would yield information that might discredit Baldwin as a witness.

**No Absolutes.** Lawyers for the *Times* argued that the newspaper's First Amendment rights should take precedence over what was, after all, a "fishing expedition" by the defense. They also insisted that Sirica's order could set a dangerous precedent. Allowing lawyers to demand information that reporters had been given in confidence, they warned, would cause news sources to dry up and cut the flow of information to the public. "I think you're getting alarmed about something that probably won't happen," Sirica told the *Times*. "Every judge doesn't have to agree with my opinion."

Not every judge does. The U.S. Court of Appeals ordered Lawrence released after 2½ hours pending appeal so that he could take his case to the Supreme Court. The Supreme Court, which ruled last June that newsmen have no absolute privilege to keep their sources secret, has also pointed out that the courts have no absolute right to demand that reporters respond to every whim of prosecution or defense. The *Times* changed its mind and decided to obey Sirica's order. After Baldwin agreed to release the paper from its agreement of confidentiality, the *Times* turned the tapes over to the court.

\*Peter Bridge was cited for contempt and jailed for 20 days for refusing to go beyond a story about official corruption he wrote for the defunct *Newark Evening News*. Edwin Goodman served 44 hours of a 30-day sentence for refusing to hand over 1000 tapes of a prison riot. William Felt has been in jail since Nov. 27 for refusing to disclose his source for a *Los Angeles Times* article about the Charles Manson murder trial.



SOMETIMES A MODEL FOR THE NATION, SOMETIMES A GRAY BLUR: DAILY CITY HOUSING DEVELOPMENT SOUTH OF SAN FRANCISCO

## ENVIRONMENT

### Saving the Bright Land

California's free-wheeling real estate developers, even more than their colleagues to the east, have long been accustomed to building just about anything that would turn a profit. When their plans are good—at the vacation community of Sea Ranch, for example, or the "new town" of Valencia—they set a standard of originality and excellence for the nation. When the plans are bad, which is all too often, they result in garish commercial strips, sleazy subdivisions and industrial parks that have already turned much of the once bright land into a gray blur.

Now the ground rules are changing—and radically. The first shock to developers came last September, when the state supreme court ruled on a case called *Friends of Mammoth Mountain v. Mono County*. The issue was whether the "spirit" of California's Environmental Quality Act of 1970, which requires state agencies to publish detailed reports on the environmental "impact" of their projects, also applied to private developers. The court, which has often acted as a trail blazer for other states, answered unequivocally: "To limit the operation of the E.Q.A. solely to what are essentially public works projects would frustrate the effectiveness of the act." Then the judges went on to exhort "those who are oblivious to the ecological well-being of society." In other words, the slipshod developers.

Though the state supreme court left the precise definition of environmental impact to the state planning commission and to later court decisions, private developers will presumably have to consider such things as sewage treatment, the preservation of green space and even pure aesthetics before sending their bulldozers onto the land. Local authorities were supposed to start enforcing the decision, so the mayor of San Jose declared a temporary freeze on all new building permits in his city. Los Angeles warned all builders that they could

proceed only at their own risk. Big home-building companies like Transamerica and the Larwin Group Inc postponed major projects, which raised some questions about the economic impact of the environmental-impact decision. Said Lieutenant Governor Ed Reinecke: "Hundreds of millions of dollars of construction are being stopped."

**Preserving Shores.** While the Mammoth decision was creating these Mammoth problems, the state's voters approved an initiative to control all development within 1,000 ft. of California's entire coastline. To continue any project started after last March 31, or to build any new project, developers would first have to get a permit from one of six new regional commissions. This slows the rush to build on the shore line—and theoretically prevents any environmentally harmful projects.

Some leading builders accept the new rules for good business reasons. "In the long run," says Haywood Elliott, president of the lending institution of Sutor Mortgage Investment Trust, "the development that gives a place to beauty and pleasant environment certainly enhances the value of a project." Barbara Sayre Casey, vice president of the home-building firm of Kaufman & Broad, adds: "Every builder is now in the same position. If you did an environmentally sound job that cost you more, you were penalized. Someone could go across the street, do a cheap job and undersell you."

Other builders expect to fight the rules in the state legislature, a place notable in the past for its indifference to land use. In fact, the legislators recently "clarified" the court decision with a law that delays its effect until April 5 and excuses projects currently under way from filing any environmental statements at all.

Fighting the new coastal requirements will be more difficult, though one Californian is making a spectacular try in court. Rudolph Esau, a partner in the Santa Barbara chrysanthemum-grow-

ing firm of Marina Mums Inc., explains that his plans to build greenhouses on his shore-line property are stymied by the new rules. "If we cannot develop our property," he reasons, "then our property is not worth anything to us." His class action therefore seeks full compensation from the state for all private-property owners up and down the coast: \$509.1 billion worth of land. More realistic opponents are trying to control the membership of the coastal commissions themselves. But so are conservationists. Meantime, developers are rushing to get their future projects approved by local authorities before the new rules take effect. In Sacramento, Sierra Club Lobbyist John Zierold, watching the number of building applications soar to record levels, says, "We just have to grit our teeth and bear it."

Further questions loom in the future. What would happen, for example, if a hideously ugly project did no physical harm to the environment? Or what if a developer candidly admitted that his project would harm the environment, but the local authorities approved it anyway? Experts already are talking of three or four "generations" of suits and struggles over this most basic environmental issue, the use of the land.

### O Christmas Tree

When is a Christmas tree a pollution of the aesthetic atmosphere? When it is made out of light-studded metal "branches" arrayed on seven-story-high flagpoles and surmounted by the four-pointed star that represents the First National City Bank of New York. At least so says one of the bank's huffy critics, Walter F. Hoving, chairman of Tiffany & Co., the Manhattan jewelry emporium. In an open letter to the bank, written in the elegant script of a wedding announcement and placed as an advertisement in the *Wall Street Journal*, Hoving declared: "We are very sad to see that you are once again polluting the aesthetic atmosphere of Park Avenue by lighting that loud and vulgar Christmas tree on Park Avenue and 53rd Street...We earnestly urge you to put out those glaring lights." At first the



CITIBANK'S "VULGAR" TREE



bank gasped. Then it began explaining that 1) the tree was not "vulgar" but was a creation of the celebrated design firm of Raymond Loewy/William Smith, creators of, among other things, the Coca-Cola bottle, and 2) the four-pointed star was not meant to be the bank's emblem, just another star of Bethlehem. Finally, said the bank, "we wish Mr. Hoving a very merry Christmas."

## What's in a Smell?

The state of Iowa plans to take legal action early next year against any citizen who would "allow, cause, or permit the emission of objectionable odors into the atmosphere." But what is the legal definition of an objectionable odor? The six members of the state's air-pollution-control commission have been pondering that question, and at one meeting they even spent the better part of an hour debating whether an objectionable odor exists if no one is there to smell it. They decided that it does.

In more practical terms, the commissioners decided that an objectionable odor is legally objectionable if it lasts more than three hours, if it occurs more than once in three months, and if it is offensive to 30% of at least 30 randomly selected residents of an area.

Are these residents accurate judges? The commissioners tested themselves, sniffing wintergreen and amyl acetate (which smells like bananas) to see if they could tell the difference. They could. So they decided to give similar tests and to create a cadre of "trained noses." When a citizen complains about an odor, a jury of tested state employees will rush out to sniff and then decide if the law has been violated.

## Tricksters' Ancient Art

Oriental acrobats have been the stuff of Western fantasy since Marco Polo included them, along with gems, spices and silks, in his tales about the wonders of the East. Now Westerners are getting a good look at what Marco was talking about in the first North American tour of the acrobatic troupe from the Chinese city of Shenyang. Unless one counts the Chinese Ping Pong team, the Shenyang troupe is China's first cultural export to the U.S. under the exchange agreed to last winter by President Nixon and Chou En-lai. It is a delightful debut, a cross between a Chinese circus and a circus-sha-pile-up.

Last week, after five days in Toronto, the 40 performers and twelve musicians arrived for a ten-day stand in Chicago; future stops will include Indianapolis, New York City and Washington. Dressed in subdued gray Mao suits as they filed through O'Hare Airport, they looked more like a delegation of schoolteachers than the gaggle of brightly plumed acrobats they become in performance. With five tons of props in tow, the Chinese passed out hand-painted handkerchiefs to children in a welcoming group, received candy bars and flowers, and listened politely to the official speeches, few of which they understood without translation.

There was no need for translation, however, when they took to the stage of the Civic Opera. For this performance the Shenyang troupe used no tightropes and no trapezes. They did not heighten the drama of their performance with drum rolls or tense pauses. Their sleight of hand was charmingly, almost childishly transparent. The easiest of the stunts were executed with painstaking care; the most difficult were tossed off nonchalantly. Two girls juggled china vases with their feet. A man did a handstand atop a rickety pyramid of tables, chairs and bricks, then deliberately collapsed the pyramid. Two men, one on the other's shoulders, ran up and down a freestanding ladder.

**Shadow Boxing.** One of the troupe's most extraordinary acts is the long-pole trick. One acrobat casually balances a 16-ft. bamboo pole between his shoulder and chin. A second climbs aboard, shins up to the top, and once there slowly swings his legs out parallel to the ground. Putting one foot in a velvet loop attached to the pole, he stands, then reaches down to a third acrobat, and the two perform a series of elaborate hand-to-hand exercises.

The real hit of the show is a stunt which begins with a single girl riding on-stage on a bicycle. She does a few ordinary tricks, then is joined by one girl after another until finally there are seven. When they jump off and exit, the

act seems finished. But another girl appears on a bicycle. Nine others with big grins run onstage and, unbelievably, hop on the bicycle.

Most Chinese calisthenics and exercises, notably the Tai Chi or "shadow boxing," have their roots in martial training. Chinese acrobatics go back to prehistoric times, when the first farming settlements were begun. Then, or so many experts think, "tricksters" earned their food by performing magic and sleights of hand. Vestiges of this tradition survive in the Shenyang troupe's lion dance, which evolved from the use of animal skins to work a spell on crops, and in their twirling of plates and vases on sticks, which recalls the practice of giving gifts of food to the tricksters. Anthropologists who see a migration across the Bering Strait as the origin of the American Indian point to the similarity between the feats of these acrobats with their ancient tricks and many of the similar feats performed by American Indian tribes.

Their humble origins made Chinese acrobats social outcasts for centuries. The rarefied courts of Chinese civilization down through the Middle Ages had little taste for what they regarded as the entertainment of farmers. A few acrobats kept their craft alive into the modern era, but they were classified as socially undesirable and even forced to carry the humiliating yellow cards usually reserved to identify prostitutes.

**Improvisations.** After 1949, as part of Mao Tse-tung's revival of folk arts, acrobatic troupes were newly subsidized all over China. Today almost every one of China's 18 provinces and each big city has its company in keeping with Mao's cultural exhortations: "Let one hundred blossoms flower." By 1965 acrobats' status had risen so high that they were accused of being too bourgeois, lacking the "class character that would allow them to reflect the everyday struggles of the workers and peasants." Now they spend two months of every year in a factory or commune, working alongside the peasants by day and performing political skits and improvisations at night, adding new folk material to their acts.

The Shenyang performers, who are paid the equivalent of \$30 a month, lead a rigorous and spartan life, practicing 3½ hours every day and performing four or five times a week. The younger members, who are first apprenticed at seven or eight, must do their exercises in the morning and then study after lunch. For them especially, the current tour has been an eye opener. Chao Chun, 12, the youngest member on the tour and a star of the lion dance, was asked before he left Peking if he knew where Canada was. "Not exactly," he replied, "but I do know it's very hot there this time of year."



*The Shenyang Acrobatic Troupe of the People's Republic of China balancing on bicycle.*





Young boy taunts and plays with friendly "lion."



Acrobats tend twirling bouquet of plates.

Head- and handstands in "Pagoda of Bowls."

## The Perfect Mission

"Hey, there it is!" shouted one of U.S.S. *Ticonderoga's* sailors. Barely four miles off the bow of the big carrier, Apollo 17's command ship *America* emerged from the puffy clouds, drifting easily under its three billowing orange-and-white parachutes. Then, while a television-equipped helicopter hovered almost directly above it to give the world its first bird's-eye view of a splashdown, the command ship dropped into the gently rolling Pacific. Less than an hour later, Apollo 17's three astronauts—Navymen Gene Cernan and Ron Evans and slightly seasick Civilian Geologist Jack Schmitt—were safely aboard the carrier. "By golly," said Cernan, "it's good to be home."

It was a fitting finish to what the director of the Apollo program, Rocco Petrone, called "the most perfect mission," and to America's remarkably successful manned assault on the moon. Between the December 1968 mission of Apollo 8 and the final flight of Apollo 17, a dozen U.S. astronauts had walked on the lunar surface and—as President Nixon noted last week—"of 24 men sent to circle the moon or to stand upon it...24 men returned to earth alive and well." Said Christopher Kraft, director of Houston's Manned Spacecraft Center: "Apollo was the greatest engineering feat of all our lives."

**Orange Soil.** Scientists shared the enthusiasm of NASA's engineers. In Houston, they eagerly anticipated examining Apollo 17's 250 lbs. of moon rocks, 3,000 photographs and reams of scientific data. Every sign pointed to the likelihood that the Taurus-Littrow landing site had fulfilled the greatest hopes of the scientists who selected it, that the findings in the area would help fill important gaps in the lunar chronology. Apollo's cargo of rocks includes fragmented specimens called breccias that

may have been formed far back in the moon's history, perhaps as long as 4 billion years ago. Even more important, perhaps, are the intriguing orange soil samples scraped up by Schmitt and Cernan at Shorty Crater. The soil may well provide evidence of relatively recent volcanic activity on the moon and could be the youngest lunar material ever brought back to earth. Said NASA Geologist Farouk El Baz: "The Apollo 17 site should give us clues to the real end of the lunar time scale, the time scale that is closest to us."

On Apollo's three-day homeward voyage, the astronauts had exceptionally smooth sailing. "America has found some fair winds and following seas," said Cernan after the main engine had successfully lifted the command ship out of lunar orbit. As the spacecraft emerged from behind the moon for the last time, the astronauts aimed their TV camera at the surface below and sent back the first live pictures of features on the backside that are invisible from earth, including the giant Tsolkovsky Crater (named for the Russian space pioneer). Next day, some 180,000 miles from earth, Command Module Pilot Evans, who had been out of the spotlight while Cernan and Schmitt walked the moon, took the stage for himself. After emerging from *America's* hatch, he crawled back, hand over hand, along the side of the ship to the service module's scientific-equipment bay. There he retrieved film that had been shot by automatic cameras while he was orbiting the moon. "Hey, this is great," said

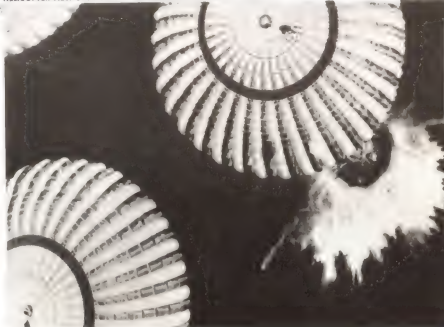
Evans, who waved happily to the TV camera during his 43-minute space walk. "Talk about being a spaceman. This is it."

On the eve of their splashdown, the astronauts held a press conference in space, answering newsmen's questions relayed to them by Mission Control. How did they feel about the decision to end the Apollo program and manned exploration of the moon? Cernan was outspoken, calling it "an abnormal restraint of man's intellect at this point in time." Next day, however, Richard Nixon had some reassuring words for the astronauts and NASA: "The making of space history will continue, and this nation means to play a major role in its making...The more we look back the more we are reminded that our thrust has been forward and that our place is among the heavens where our dreams precede us, and where, in time, we shall surely follow."

CERNAN, EVANS & SCHMITT BOARDING CARRIER



HELICOPTER VIEW OF APOLLO 17'S SPLASHDOWN IN SOUTH PACIFIC



APOLLO'S SHOT OF MOON'S FAR SIDE

## God, Man and Apollo

In this time of Christmas  
We celebrate the Eighth Day of  
Man...  
Apollo's missions move, and  
Christus seek,  
And wonder as we look among the  
stars  
Did he know these?  
—Ray Bradbury, from the cantata  
*Christus Apollo*

**T**HE last of the moon men are back; the gantries are idle now, stark and skeletal against the Florida sky. On the moon there are flags from the earth, and on earth there are pieces of the moon.

—a pillar of fire cutting up into the night, spreading a carpet of orange clouds and the sound of thunder behind.

That last image may have been as much theatrical effect as spiritual experience: as the first nighttime launching, Apollo 17 was a triumph of spectacle. It was also the last manifestation of a wonder of the world, and to see it depart was like taking the last voyage on the *Queen Mary* or hearing the farewell concert of Toscanini.

Is there more? Is there some stirring of human imagination that goes beyond the gee-whiz of the spectator or the sentiment of the nostalgia buff? One

ture...America has taken one giant step toward humanizing its technology."

In a sense, argues Thompson, the astronauts underwent a kind of temporal redemption, much like the one envisioned 34 years ago in C.S. Lewis' theological space fantasy *Out of the Silent Planet*. In Lewis' novel, the earth is the devil's territory and the prison of fallen man, quarantined by the powers and dominations of the divine milieu around it. But those who escape the silent planet can recover their cosmic orientation.

Another dimension of that orientation is sketched by Religion Scholar Jacob Needleman, author of *The New Religions* and, like Thompson, a cartographer of the revival of mysticism. Men lost a certain humility, Needleman says, when they abandoned the medieval idea of geocentrism—the belief that the earth is surrounded by ever widening spheres of planets, stars and finally God. Copernicus and Galileo dislodged the earth from the astronomical center of the universe, but Needleman argues that geocentrism "was never intended only as an astronomical theory. It was meant to communicate that human existence is but a tiny part in a vast hierarchy of conscious energies. Man could share in the full reach of these energies only by first surrendering his petty illusions of autonomy."

In Needleman's view, the optimism of modern science created instead a kind of psychological geocentrism, which misled man into believing that he could understand all reality at an ordinary level of consciousness. Earth was no longer to be at the center of the universe, but man's ego was. Now this attitude, too, has been dislodged by the wars and other depredations of the present century. The new surge of wonder that is at least partly the work of the Apollos provides men with an opportunity to recapture at last a true sense of their place in the universe.

The surge has come from many more sources than the space program. Though the Stanley Kubrick-Arthur C. Clarke spectacle *2001* was packing in aficionados at movie theaters months before Apollo 8, the film gained a prophetic impact after man reached the moon. Even among the scientific community, such astonishing celestial phenomena as supernovae and "black holes" have become a subject for metaphysical conjecture. Harvard Astronomer Charles A. Whitney, writing in his 1971 book *The Discovery of Our Galaxy*, suggests that black holes might be "the passageways to another universe," a possibility that throws him back on the language of religion. "When I discuss such subjects with my friends and family," Whitney writes, "I feel as though I were trying to convince them of the existence of God." Western re-



**EARTH RISING, WITH MOONSCAPE IN FOREGROUND, AS SEEN FROM APOLLO 8**  
A pillar of fire, a sound of thunder, a privileged vision.

The Apollos have passed from the evening news into an assured place in history. They have opened a chestful of scientific riches that researchers will need years to assay fully. They have not solved the problems of the earth, nor were they meant to. But, as Bradbury suggests, they may have provoked man into asking anew some of the old questions about the heavens—and himself.

The missions were man's first raw personal confrontation with the universe beyond this planet, and because of that they were awesome. The awe wore off as the television cameras covered each methodical moment of successive flights, but the best of the images grew into a frieze of transcendence, chiseled on the edges of the mind like Wordsworth's intimations of immortality: the readings from *Genesis* as Apollo 8 spun toward its rendezvous with the dark side of the moon; the "giant leap for mankind" as Neil Armstrong set his booted foot into the moon dust; the vision of the earth from space, a milky sapphire hanging alone and fragile in the blackness; and then Apollo 17

need go no farther than the astronauts themselves for the answer. "I am not the same man," Rusty Schweickart says. "None of us are." The Apollo veterans have become poets, seers, preachers, all of them evangelists for the privileged vision from space that Edgar Mitchell calls "instant global consciousness." It is no coincidence that the ecologists' concept of Spaceship Earth has become a commonplace in the years of Apollo.

Philosopher William Irwin Thompson, who perceives a growing sense of myth and mysticism in today's technological society (*TIME*, Aug. 21), mused over the astronauts' "conversions" as he watched the ascent of Apollo 17. In space, Thompson says, the astronauts felt "their consciousness being transformed to behold God making all things new. Perhaps this transformation of consciousness is the strongest argument in favor of manned space flight. Had we merely sent out efficient instruments of measurement...the machines would literally encircle man. Now that we have sent out man, we have affirmed that technology is still only part of the cul-

ligions themselves are seeking a renewed sense of cosmic purpose by exploring their rich but long-neglected traditions of mysticism and contemplation.

Not all of the religious overtones of the Apollos are full of awe and newfound humility. "Space travel says you can live forever," exulted Ray Bradbury after the moon landing of 1969. "Now we are able to transport our seed to other worlds. We can be sure that this miraculous gift of life goes on forever." Nor is that a blasphemous hope, Bradbury insisted: "We are the material of the universe coming alive. We are God re-creating himself." William Thompson had similar thoughts at the liftoff of Apollo 17. "You threw away anxiety," he wrote later, "and leapt up with the sheer joy of knowing that men were turning the tables on the heavens and riding that comet out of the earth...One could write on the rocket as the anonymous stonemasons did on medieval cathedrals: Adam made me."

In President Nixon's message marking the completion of the Apollo 17 mission last week, those proud visions seemed to be recast as a kind of Manifest Destiny for the space age. Asked Nixon: "Can we look at the record of 24 men sent to circle the moon or to stand on it, and 24 men returned to earth alive and well, and not see God's hand in it?" (Did the President forget the three astronauts who died on an Apollo launching pad or the four Russians killed in their space program?) The fault in such a pronouncement lies in its assumption that the conquest of space is such an unalloyed good that God would deign to grant it some special protection. If motives were taken into account—especially the bald chauvinism that motivated so many who voted for Apollo appropriations—divine wrath rather than benevolence might have attended the project.

"Let us recognize," Novelist Norman Mailer told an assemblage of scientists and fellow authors who were observing Apollo 17's blast-off, "that we are performing that one act that was considered most sacrilegious by the early Jehovah—we are trying to become Gods." Gods? Perhaps—if we see space as only one more territory to subdue, one more realm to compete for, one more vastness to pollute. But Mailer's accusation need not hold true if man stands on the threshold of the universe with the becoming humility of a stranger at an unfamiliar door. Such a stranger might appreciate the immense potential that the open universe spreads before him to learn and to grow, to expand his mind and spirit in profound new ways. That potential alone urges man to continue the search—not to wait, as some insist, until he can first set his own world completely in order. For just as the New World reshaped the old Europe, man's meeting with the universe may help to reshape and renew the tired Earth.

■ Moya Mahs

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## AIRLINES

## The Rising Price of Piracy

**A**T 41 major airports around the U.S., ground crews smile apologetically as they ransack women's handbags, flip through businessmen's briefcases, tear open wrapped packages and even frisk some passengers for firearms, knives or other weapons that could be used to hijack a plane. For the passengers, these security spot checks are a brief, unaccustomed annoyance; for the airlines, they are a financial drag. Both the annoyance and the burden will climb sharply next week, as tough new federal regulations designed to guard against skyjacking take hold.

The Federal Aviation Administration has ordered that beginning in Jan-

uary, comprehensive anti-skyjack precautions must be extended to all 531 U.S. commercial airports. Each airline's employees will have to search every package and piece of baggage that is hand-carried onto a commercial plane. Heretofore, this task has been done by ticket agents or other airline employees at big airports and has delayed some flights by as much as 45 minutes. Now the lines will be additionally required to equip all boarding areas with electronic metal-detecting devices that will check the passengers themselves. Trans World Airlines, Pan Am and Delta are using new X-ray-type machines that allow technicians to see exactly what is inside a suitcase without opening it. Suitcases are placed inside the machines, and in some cases radiation from the X rays has damaged film in luggage. Besides all that, airport managements—mostly public authorities run by cities and states—beginning in February will have to hire some 4,000 armed guards to be stationed in all boarding and holding areas.

**Passengers Pay.** The precautions will cost the airports about \$46 million, and the lines a sum that executives reckon as high as \$300 million yearly—or more than the industry's estimated total 1972 profit of \$225 million to \$250 million. Federal Aviation Administration officials, however, say that the lines will have to spend much less than that. Whatever the final figure, the burden will fall especially heavily on some regional carriers; Ozark Air Lines, which in the first nine months of 1972 earned only \$1,981,000, calculates that it will have to pay \$2.5 million a year. Airline and airport managers argue that the

or some other Government agency should pick up the tab. But the Nixon Administration regards even its current budget for air security as merely temporary. The Government is spending \$28 million a year to pay the 1,500 sky marshals who now inspect baggage instead of riding planes.

So far the price of piracy has been relatively moderate, though still troublesome for an airline industry that has just begun to recover from its 1970-71 economic slump. Each big trunk line spent about \$3,000,000 in 1972 to search passengers and carry-on luggage at the busiest airports. In addition, the lines are still out \$2.5 million in ransom paid to skyjacks over the past twelve months; another \$6.8 million has been recovered by federal authorities.

Even when ransom is recovered, there is some cost to the lines because they usually must borrow the money from banks, which charge premium interest rates on such high-risk loans. One company is in financial difficulty because of ransom payments. Southern Airways gave \$2,000,000 in November to Havana-bound hijackers, and the cash has been confiscated by Fidel Castro's government. Southern officials will not comment on how seriously they will be hurt if the money is not given back, but the line's balance sheet provides a clue. As of June 30, the carrier, which has not earned a profit in five years, had only \$3,000,000 cash on hand.

Passengers themselves will probably wind up paying most of the cost of increased protection. Though federal authorities will not say how large a fare increase they might approve, FAA officials estimate that a boost averaging \$1 a ticket would raise \$180 million of the money needed. The airlines figure that they would then have to dig into their depleted coffers for yet another \$120 million a year.

GUARDS INSPECTING LUGGAGE



METAL DETECTOR CHECKS PASSENGERS



USING NEW X-RAY-TYPE MACHINE



## MONEY

### A New Stash For Hot Cash

For decades Americans—as well as Canadians and Europeans—have avoided taxes on some or all of their income by placing money in "offshore" real estate developments, banks and other companies located outside the U.S. The principal headquarters for these outfits, many of which reinvest their capital in U.S. securities, has long been Nassau, capital of the Bahamas. It is listed as the place of incorporation for thousands of businesses that actually have their assets elsewhere. Suddenly, much of the world's offshore money—a lot of it hidden from homeland tax men or otherwise "hot"—is



fleeing Nassau. Millions of dollars are landing in, of all places, the Cayman Islands, a British crown colony south of Cuba. Once a pirates' stash, the Caymans have existed for the past 300 years mostly by soaking up the Caribbean sun. TIME Correspondent Christopher Byron visited both Grand Cayman Island and Nassau and filed this report:

If you do not have the proper cab fare in Georgetown, the Caymans' capital, the driver will trustingly tell you not to worry, but just to pay him the next time you happen to see him. He is not as naive as he sounds. Since the capital's "downtown" consists of a few square blocks, and the rest of the island contains only four or five hotels, the visitor will almost certainly see the driver again. This casual attitude reflects a life-style that is bound to change as the Caymans undergo the boom, and probably a good deal of battering as well, involved in becoming a tax haven.

Two months ago, a beige five-story building occupied by a branch of the First National City Bank of New York opened on Albert Pantan Street, towering above the simple one-story general stores and tiny grocery stands around it. A similar structure housing the Bank of Montreal will open early in 1973, and several other banks are building. In all, 83 banks now do business in Georgetown—33 of them have opened since July—which means that the Caymanians have one bank for approximately every 170 citizens.

**"Devoid of Law."** The banks are rushing in to service approximately 5,000 corporations registered with the local government. These firms operate by buying stocks through brokerage firms in Manhattan, London and other financial centers. As long as U.S. shareholders do not report the earnings from such investments to the IRS, they can escape—illegally—the taxes due on them. The islands' registrar is several months behind in processing companies' new applications, and planeloads of businessmen arrive daily on flights from Miami, Nassau and Costa Rica to file new ones. Aside from meeting a few rudimentary regulations, they are free to run their firms with no government interference. Says a recently arrived investment banker: "We like the place because it is suitably devoid of law."

It is also suitably devoid, for the time being at least, of the problems that are driving businesses out of the Bahamas. The black nationalist government of Prime Minister Lynden Pindling, which recently negotiated an agreement for full independence from Britain next July, is foundering financially, largely because of a severe drop in tourist revenues. Rumors abound that banks and trust operations, which make up the Bahamas' second largest industry, will be forced to bail out the islands by buying long-term government bonds. Pindling has denied any such plans, but investors are worried because



BUILDING ONE BANK IN THE SHADOW OF ANOTHER IN DOWNTOWN GEORGETOWN



of the atmosphere of heightening black-white tensions, declining real estate values and bad publicity (most recently in the Robert Vesco-IOG case). Says Alan Kimble, deputy manager of the \$300 million Bahamas International Trust Co.: "You ask how's business, and I answer, what business?"

By contrast, native Caymanians, mostly light brown descendants of Scotch-Irish and black Jamaican settlers, are blessed with uncomplicated lives and, by Caribbean standards, fairly high prosperity. Many islanders work as sailors aboard foreign ships. The islands have no military service, no taxes and only elementary rules of land ownership. The government is run by a British Governor General, Kenneth Crook, and there is no apparent friction between him and native-born administrators. Indeed, the latter are eagerly accepting the new businessmen. "Oh, sure, some people say being a tax haven is just a gimmick," says Finance Minister Vassel Johnson, a Caymanian. "But you've got to look at the good side. Too. We've got new banks and new buildings and jobs for everyone."

Johnson insists that the offshore money pouring into the Caymans is legitimate investment capital. Yet local authorities are hardly equipped to deal with the abuses—including crime—that inevitably follow fast and loose cash. There is not even an economist in the Georgetown government. "We have written away to the United Nations to get one, but we haven't heard back from them yet," explains Johnson. Real estate developers have plans for a deep-water harbor, a resort-marina complex and a forest of condominiums. In short, one of the Caribbean's last untouched spots is rapidly experiencing the uncertain joys of being brought up to date.

## EXECUTIVES

### White's Great Hope

*"As long as you are interested enough to take any job that comes along, you will find something worthwhile to do, and it usually turns out to be a better job than the last one."*

Semon ("Bunkie") Knudsen once articulated his work ethic in those words, and Detroit veterans recalled then when he surprisingly was passed over for the presidency of General Motors in 1968. Sure enough, Knudsen has since found plenty of jobs. He shifted from executive vice president of GM to president of Ford Motor Co., but lost that position after a power struggle with Lee Iacocca, the current president. Then Knudsen founded Rectrans Inc. to produce mobile homes, only to sell out in 1971 to Cleveland's White Motor Corp. Part of the deal was that he would become chairman of White, a builder of trucks and farm machines that was in deep financial trouble.

Though Knudsen is a somewhat



CHAIRMAN BUNKIE KNUDSEN & TRACTORS AT CHARLES CITY, IOWA, PLANT

racy personality by the standards of Cleveland's business establishment (he is noted for wearing aviator glasses and ankle boots). He was eagerly greeted as a potential savior. Indeed, by last week, as truck manufacturers were finishing their best year ever, Knudsen had done much to turn White around. It moved from a loss of \$5.6 million in the third quarter of 1971 to a profit of \$1.1 million on sales of \$226 million in the equivalent period of 1972. To break into the black, Knudsen has had to remake the company.

When he took charge, White's banking relations had deteriorated to the point where credit was becoming difficult to raise. He quickly had to arrange a \$290 million line of credit, as he says, "just to keep the company afloat." All but a few of White's high executives had left; to replace them, Knudsen recruited from the senior ranks of GM, Chrysler, Ford, Borg Warner, Sperry Rand and W.R. Grace. Then he consolidated the company's many truck lines, which were engaged in a debilitating competition against each other. After selling off Diamond Reo, he pulled together the four remaining lines—Autocar, White, White Freightliner and White Western Star—under one marketing group and advertised them heavily as the "Big 4."

White's share of the farm-equipment market had fallen from 10% to 4%, partly because the company rarely made model changes. In 1972 Knudsen budgeted almost \$17 million in research and development of new tractors, trucks and other machines. He also shook up the company's network of dealers, making each responsible for selling all of White's machines instead of only one line. (The company markets farm equipment under the Minneapolis-Moline, Oliver and Cockshutt name-

plates.) Still, says Knudsen, "in marketing and merchandising, the farm-equipment business is just about where the auto industry was 50 years ago."

Under Knudsen, White's stock has jumped from \$22 to \$71, and his family holdings have increased to \$17 million. Not that he needs the gain. In all, Knudsen has a personal net worth estimated at well over \$30 million. Why did Bunkie Knudsen, now 60, bother to take the White job? "Hell," he says. "I was too young to retire."

## TELEPHONES

### Deposit 20¢, Please

Twenty-two years have passed since coin-booth telephone rates were doubled, and the nickel phone call joined the 5¢ cup of coffee, the 15¢ pack of cigarettes, the 2¢ newspaper and the 3¢ stamp on first-class mail in nostalgic oblivion. Now the 10¢ rate for phone-booth calls may also buzz off. Permission to double the rate to 20¢ has been requested by phone companies that serve six states and Canada, and other AT & T companies intend to follow eventually. Last week New York Telephone, Ma Bell's biggest offspring, requested the 20¢ public call as part of a proposed \$306 million rate increase. Managers told the New York Public Service Commission that besides trying to cope with higher wage and tax costs, they must also raise \$700 million in capital next year. Profit margins on revenues have fallen below 6%, v. the 8.2% that the commission set as the lowest return that could provide adequate service and attract capital. (Margins of other AT & T subsidiaries average 7.7%.)

New York Telephone also hopes to

wipe out another venerable institution—the flat-rate, untimed local telephone call. In its proposed system, the cost of a call from a home phone would increase by one message unit (7.1¢) every five minutes. That change is necessary, company chiefs said, partly because people are talking longer than they used to. Although 72% of local calls from home phones are completed within five minutes, the average duration of the other 28% has increased from twelve minutes in 1964 to 16 minutes today.

Proponents of the rate increase will contend that without it New York Telephone might relapse to the service depths of two years ago. Helped in part by higher rates, the company since 1971 has reduced the percentage of blocked calls due to circuit overloads from 4.5% to 1.6% and the number of out-of-order pay phones from 11% to 6%. Phone users notice the improvement. Written complaints to the Public Service Commission have dropped to less than half of the 1971 peak of 400,000.

## ADVERTISING

### Hands That Sell

At first it looks like just another commercial. Then the young woman on the screen smiles as her fingers begin to move fluidly through the hand signs of the deaf. "Hello," she signals. "I'm Carol McEvoy, an interpreter. I'm using sign language to help those with impaired hearing understand this message from Western Air Lines." As an unseen announcer goes into his voice-over pitch, McEvoy's hands signal the message: "There is stretch-out comfort of first-class leg space at every seat." Scenes of passengers stretching out in flight materialize on a screen just over



COMMERCIAL FOR THE DEAF  
Silence is golden.

McEvoy's left shoulder. This word-sign and picture technique continues in the commercial—the first TV promotion aimed at breaking the silence barrier for the deaf.

The commercials are patterned after McEvoy's daily sign language newscast in Los Angeles. She hears normally but learned sign language to communicate with her parents, who are both deaf. The spots have run on stations from Los Angeles to Minneapolis. Says Bert D. Lynn, a Western vice president: "People who have impaired hearing are often elderly folks with the means, time and desire to travel." Besides, judging from the large number of letters that Western has received about the ads, they have made an unexpected impact on viewers with normal hearing.

## INVESTMENT

### Golden-Age Fraud

In the hyped-up stock market of the late '60s, many credulous small investors were advised by their hard-selling brokers to invest in Four Seasons Nursing Centers of America Inc. By owning part of a fast-growing proprietor of homes for the ailing aged, they could profit from a healthy young industry—or so the tout went. For a while, anyone who bought that advice had the prospect of a very comfortable nest egg indeed. Offered at \$11 a share in 1968, Four Seasons soared to \$181 (counting for a split). Then, a spectacular fizzle. The price shriveled to as low as 6 1/2¢ before the company was finally suspended from trading on the American Stock Exchange in September 1970. Last week the Justice Department charged that the many people who put their money and hope in Four Seasons, now bankrupt, had been criminally defrauded of as much as \$200 million.

Three past or present officers of Four Seasons were charged in a New York federal grand jury indictment. Moreover, as part of its increasing willingness to hold professionals responsible for the misdeeds of their clients, the Government also indicted five members of the company's accounting firm and its financial underwriter. The full group included two partners in Chicago's Arthur Andersen & Co., one of the "Big Eight" accounting firms; Glenn R. Miller, who until his sudden departure less than a week earlier had been the No. 3 man at Walston & Co., a large Wall Street broker and underwriter with 105 branch offices nationwide; and Jack I. Clark, the Oklahoma City builder who as Four Seasons' chairman, engineered the geriatric razzle-dazzle.

The Government claimed that the eight defendants had collaborated in a bewildering array of financial sleights of hand designed "to arouse interest" on the part of investors in Four Seasons' seemingly golden growth. In fact, says the indictment, part of the company's



LOADING CARS IN LORTON, VA., IN PREPARATION FOR FLORIDA RUN

earnings were based on sales of nursing homes that were reported in company documents and certified in accounting statements but had never really occurred. Another ruse, it said, was the sell-off, at inflated prices, of some of Four Seasons' losing properties, which unnaturally increased the company's earning power. Actually, says the indictment, the buyer was Four Seasons Equity Inc., a firm that was secretly owned by the parent company. The company had bought its own losers.

Three of the eight defendants were alleged to have been major shareholders in Four Seasons, but not, wonder of wonders, among the big losers. In fact, says U.S. Attorney Whitney North Seymour, knowing full well that Four Seasons was worth nowhere near as much as they publicly claimed, these insiders sold off large chunks of their holdings through numbered accounts at Walston Clark alone was accused of pocketing more than \$9,000,000, most of which is believed to be stashed in Europe. Andersen officials promised to "vigorously" defend their employees in the case; Clark and Miller were not talking at all. Having allegedly rigged a grand numbers game with Four Seasons, the eight had some new figuring to do: if convicted, all face variable prison terms, as well as fines on the indictment's 65 separate counts.

## RAILROADS

### Little Train That Could

Oldtime railway executives hoisted when Washington Attorney Eugene Garfield bought some railroad cars and rolled out the Auto-Train a year ago. After all, everybody knows that passenger trains are unprofitable and unpop-

ular. Who would want to pay to haul his automobile along with his family by rail from the Washington area to northern Florida? The answer is that 157,329 travelers have wanted to—so far. As the Auto-Train Corp. closed its books on its first year last week, the company's annual revenues were running around \$11 million, and in the past six months after-tax profits totaled \$295,648. All of which shows once again that passenger trains have a future in the U.S., provided that they offer comfortable service along with some extras.

Like some European and Canadian trains, the Auto-Train hauls passengers and their autos in separate coaches. Manned by crews from the Seaboard Coast Line and the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac, the 400-passenger train takes 15 hours to make the 1,000-mile trip from Lorton, Va., to Sanford, Fla., which is a few miles from Walt Disney World. One-way fare is \$190 for a car and two people, and \$20 extra for each additional person. Passengers ride in reclining chairs in domed coaches, see up to two free movies and eat two free meals. The menu frequently includes such dishes as chicken Kiev, veal parmesan and ham with pineapple sauce. "We try to make each trip seem like a visit to a resort hotel," says Garfield, the chief executive, who has made a paper profit of some \$3,420,000 on his stock in the company during the past year.

Because the train is often booked well in advance, Garfield plans to add a second train on the Lorton-to-Sanford run. In addition, he is considering putting on a train from Cincinnati to Florida. With that, travelers from the Midwest can drive to Cincinnati and load themselves and their cars on a train, and avoid the high cost of renting a car during the peak seasons in Florida.

## AUTOS

### Honda Comes Clean

Japan's Honda Motor Co., the mighty mite of motorcycles, leaped into the lead of the auto industry's clean-air derby last week. The firm's new low-pollution auto engine became the first ever to pass all the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency's emission control criteria for 1975, standards that the Detroit leviathans have tirelessly argued could not be met in time. Honda immediately informed the EPA that it is breaking ranks with most other car producers and would no longer seek a one-year postponement of the 1975 requirements. Company officials say that their compact car, the Civic, now marketed only in Japan, would carry the engine and go on sale in the U.S. by 1974.

Detroit automakers, skeptical that such an engine can develop enough power to drive large U.S. cars, are generally unconvinced that the Japanese advance solves their pollution-control problems. They doubt that the engine will meet the EPA's extremely tough standards for 1976, especially those for nitrogen oxide (Honda engineers insist their machine will easily do it). In tests held in Michigan, Honda's four-cylinder engines, using no catalysts, afterburners or other extra emission-reducing devices, posted pollution counts well below EPA ceilings even after running for 50,000 miles. Here, in grams of emission per mile, are the U.S. standards for '75 and Honda's performance:

	U.S. Standards	Honda Performance
Carbon Monoxide	3.4	2.57
Hydrocarbons	.41	.26
Nitrogen Oxides	3	.98

At present, conventional engines must use rich fuel mixtures—with a relatively high ratio of gasoline to oxygen—that produce unsatisfactory levels of pollutant gases. In addition, the rapid cooling of the gas temperature in the cylinder leaves unburned fuel, which is also spewed out as a pollutant. Honda's power plant, ponderously called the "compound vortex controlled combustion engine," or CVCC, scrubs these problems by being built to operate on a much thinner fuel mixture, using a lower ratio of gas to oxygen. Moreover, the cooling process in the cylinder is slowed to assist combustion of the fuel. All this reduces pollutant gases. The EPA tests revealed that the new engine is rather large for a small car like the Civic, and it burns about 20% more gas per mile than the smaller engines in other autos of the same weight. In bigger cars like GM's Vega, however, the Honda engines gave better than average mileage in the EPA tests. The principles of the CVCC engine have been known for years, but little effort was made to apply them because of technical difficulties. Having apparently solved them, Honda has applied for 230 patents.

The test results may well stiffen the

Government's resolve to make all automakers comply with the anti-pollution rules. Last week EPA Chief William D. Ruckelshaus said he had strong support from President Nixon to enforce sternly all anti-pollution laws. Ruckelshaus noted that one way to reduce emissions—and ease the energy shortage—would be to boost substantially the current 4¢ per gallon federal excise tax on gas. Along with cutting pollutants, automakers may also face the problem of making engines that drink much less fuel.

## JAPAN

### The Osano Connection

For Kenji Osano, one of the most powerful and controversial Japanese entrepreneurs, the results of December's national elections were bitter-sweet. As a close friend of, and chief



ENTREPRENEUR KENJI OSANO  
Favor for a friend.

political fund-raiser for Prime Minister Kakuei Tanaka, Osano, 55, could bask in reflected glory. But as a free-wheeling entrepreneur who has done remarkably well under the long-governing Liberal Democratic Party, he had cause for concern about its losses in the Diet. He could also ponder the gains of Communists and Socialists, who intend to push harder their charges that he uses his personal and business relationship with Tanaka and other politicians to gain favored treatment. As Osano says: "Politics and business are one. They are inseparable."

Osano started almost from scratch after World War II and built a land-hotel-transportation empire worth an estimated \$1 billion. Now he is expanding his foothold in the U.S., where he is already the biggest individual Japanese investor. In early 1973 he will begin building a 43-story hotel in Los Angeles with \$20 million of his own funds

The new building, scheduled to open by 1975, will rise beside the Sheraton-West Hotel, which Osano bought last May. In addition, Osano owns several dozen hotels in Japan and three in Hawaii.

These holdings pale beside his other operations. His parent company, Kokusai Kogyo (International Enterprises), was started in Tokyo in 1947 with a fleet of dilapidated charcoal-burning buses, and now embraces 38 subsidiaries, including ski areas and bowling alleys, restaurants, taxi and bus companies, and trading houses that import everything from American cars to golf clubs. Last year the company earned \$26 million on revenues of \$330 million. Osano is also the biggest private shareholder in Japan Air Lines, the state-operated flag carrier, and a major investor in All Nippon Airways, the domestic carrier.

The prime source of his wealth is a separate concern, Nihon Denken Co., which deals in the island kingdom's most precious commodity—land. Osano acquired the company in 1964 from Tanaka, who was too busy in his job as Finance Minister to run the firm. Though the operation was faltering, Osano shrewdly let himself be persuaded to buy and did Tanaka a favor by paying \$6,000,000 for the firm, even though it was running \$5,000,000 in the red. Since then Nihon Denken has boomed, and last year its real estate transactions and developments produced revenues estimated at \$200 million. During the election campaign, Tanaka's opponents contended that the company benefited from inside information that the government intended to build projects on some company-owned land, a charge that both Tanaka and Osano deny.

Tanaka and Osano first met in Tokyo during the immediate postwar period when both were scrambling for the top. Their durable friendship is largely based on their strikingly similar personalities. Both are blunt, decisive men of peasant stock in a society that has raised slyness and circumspection to an ethic. For all his swashbuckling, Osano's greatest assets are a prodigious capacity for work and an instinct for the well-timed business deal. For example, he was early in spotting his countrymen's wanderlust, and even before Japanese tourists began rushing to Hawaii, he invested in hotels there and planes that fly there.

In a society that leans heavily on consensus and reverses education, Osano is an anomaly—a loner who never got past grade school. His headquarters are in a ramshackle building that he owns behind Tokyo Station. There he calls out orders to aides behind papered desks, barks telephone instructions, and shuttles among three small drab reception rooms to negotiate with other businessmen and politicians. Osano lives only for the next deal and insists that he long ago stopped counting his winnings. "I don't know how much I am worth," he says. "I leave it to the tax man to figure out when I die."





PSYCHIATRIST WEININGER AT WORK

## BEHAVIOR

### Sidewalk Psychiatry

IN THE XMAS SPIRIT, COUNSELING \$6, advertises a sign on a booth outside the Southern California Counseling Center in Los Angeles. Below it is a second inscription: "The psychiatrist is in." He really is: psychiatrist Benjamin Weininger is dispensing advice from the booth at a nickel per patient.

Weininger has taken up his station "to dramatize the importance of low-cost mental health service," explains Vicki Michel, director of the center. "We handle 500 cases a week and we get no public funding."

Since the booth was set up last month, Weininger has been seeing two dozen patients a day. "I've been listening to everything from broken love affairs to conflicts with parents," he told a Los Angeles Times reporter. "Some people are surprised that they can see their problems in a new light so quickly." Among his patients was a bearded youth who had "a problem communicating with people," especially at parties. "Maybe you're trying too hard," Weininger counseled. "The idea is just to be with people." Another man was contemplating suicide because his wife had left him. Weininger discovered that his patient felt humiliated and had told no one about being deserted. "I told him it was the secret that was killing him, not the loss of his wife." By not informing others, Weininger explained, he was depriving himself of their support. "I planted a seed in his mind and opened it to other possibilities. He thanked me, paid a nickel and walked away."

Fans of Cartoonist Charles Schulz will recognize that the center's publicity gimmick is a direct steal from the comic strip *Peanuts*, in which Good Ol' Charlie Brown's mean, cranky friend Lucy deals out her own brand of caus-

tic counseling from a "lemonade" booth. But Psychiatrist Weininger apparently knows his Freud better than he knows his Schulz; at this time of year, Lucy's fee is not a nickel. Every October, because it is less comfortable to man an open booth in cold weather, she raises her price to seven cents.

### The Murky Time

By air, the Norwegian cities of Oslo and Tromsø are only 650 miles and 100 minutes apart. The psychological distance, however, is much greater, for Tromsø lies 200 miles north of the Arctic Circle, and its 40,000 inhabitants live two months of each year without seeing the sun. In this polar blackness or *mørketiden* (murky time), the mental-

\*Pronounced *mur-ka-tee-den*

ly unstable may slip over the edge into a temporary state of profound mental disturbance. Even those who are emotionally healthy the rest of the year may become unaccountably tense, restless, fearful and preoccupied with thoughts of death and suicide.

From Nov. 25 to Jan. 21, the sun does not rise above the horizon in Tromsø or in the rest of Norway's far north, leaving the region in darkness except for an hour of gloomy twilight at noon. TIME's Oslo correspondent, Dag Christensen, describes the scene at midday: "As the jet speeds northward, you see the moon shining brighter every minute. You glimpse small, isolated settlements, clusters of fishermen's houses along the rugged coast, and little farms at the foot of the towering mountains. As you approach Tromsø, the faint, fading twilight turns lakes and fjords, islands, snow-capped mountains and the sky itself into a fantasy world of blue, gray and white."

The beauty of *mørketiden* soon pales. Especially in the more isolated parts of the north, says Tromsø Sound County Sheriff Knut Kruse, "people seem to be different during winter. They become edgy, complaining, sour. They long for the light, talk about the darkness, condemn it. They display much more of a 'couldn't care less' attitude." In Tromsø, reports Psychiatrist Harald Reppesgaard of Asgard Mental Hospital, "the whole city slows down. People's concentration and work capacity are reduced, and they are always tired." Adds R. Kaare Rodahl, an Oslo physiologist who has done research in the Arctic: "The polar night has a tendency to bring out the least desirable elements in human behavior—envy, jealousy, suspicion, egotism, irritability."

Lack of sleep seems to cause much of the trouble. Explains Sheriff Kruse: "I get confused by the dark. I wake up and wonder whether it is time to go to work or whether I can go on sleeping. During *mørketiden*, I am dependent on

NORWEGIAN HARBOR AT 2 P.M. DURING MØRKETIDEN







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## BEHAVIOR

my watch; the clock of nature is not working right." One youth became so deranged after four days of sleeplessness that he had to be admitted to Asgard Mental Hospital. There he could barely speak, shivered with apprehension, recognized no one and believed he had been poisoned—yet woke up recovered after a long, drug-induced sleep.

Sale of sleeping pills, pep pills and tranquilizers rises sharply during *mørketiden*, and Tromsø has a higher incidence of hard-drug use than any other Norwegian city except Oslo. Illness, most of it psychosomatic, increases, and accidents multiply. In remote areas, young men sometimes adopt a tough-guy, risk-defying attitude. A young construction worker, for instance, may take off in his snowmobile in his shirtsleeves—and freeze to death when the motor stalls in the middle of nowhere.

**Neon Daylight.** The psychological impact of the murky time depends on individual temperament. Explains Kaare Torp, the pediatrics chief of Tromsø's Central Hospital: "If a person doesn't use *mørketiden* as an excuse for job failure, marital problems or just feeling low, if he takes it as a challenge, if he doesn't sit back and give in to the darkness, he will pull through." The most prevalent way of rising to the challenge is to turn on all the lights; electricity is cheap in Norway. Neon daylight tubes are often installed over living-room windows, lamps are hung in gardens and on gates, and street lights burn 24 hours a day. Floodlights illuminate the much-used swimming pools, ski trails and skating rinks.

"No one wants to be alone," observes SAS District Sales Manager Arne Karlsen. Tromsø restaurants, especially the four that have dance bands, are filled every night with fashionably dressed diners, and people sometimes drive a hundred miles and back in a single evening to visit friends or go to a concert. A favorite pastime is planning vacations in sunny climates—or even taking them during *mørketiden*, a practice that firms are beginning to encourage to help their employees get through the hardest time of the year.

The long darkness may well have made northern Norwegians more tolerant and forgiving than most people. In the north, says Dr. Karl Hartviksen, chief psychiatrist at Oslo's Gaustad Hospital, "people know that man cannot rule nature, so they don't expect him to be able to rule his own nature, which is even more formidable."

The people of the north count the days until the sun's reappearance on *Vesling* (sun day). They plan sun feasts to celebrate, look forward to the closing of schools and offices, and on the great day go to a favorite outdoor spot to watch the sun rise over the horizon. As it makes its appearance, they laugh and clap each other on the back, and some of them shout, "There she is! She's back! She's back!"

## MILESTONES

**Married.** Victoria Ormsby Gore, 26, daughter of David Ormsby Gore, fifth Baron Harlech and Britain's former Ambassador to the U.S. (1961-65); and Julian Lloyd, 25, horse trainer, occasional model and photographer; both for the first time and about a month after the birth of their first child, a daughter; in Selattyn, England.

**Married.** William Zeckendorf, 67, former \$25-a-week building manager who wheeled and dealt his way into control of one of the world's largest real-estate empires (Webb & Knapp, Inc.), then watched the bottom fall out in 1965; and Alice Bache, 60ish, widow of Securities Magnate Harold (Bache & Co.); both for the third time; in Manhattan.

**Died.** Neilia Biden, 30, wife of U.S. Senator-elect Joseph R. Biden Jr., Delaware Democrat who last November defeated Incumbent J. Caleb Boggs to become at 29 the second youngest man ever elected to the U.S. Senate; and their 18-month-old daughter; in an automobile accident, in Hockessin, Del.

**Died.** Horace Mann Bond, 68, energetic Southern educator and father of Georgia State Representative Julian Bond; after a long illness; in Atlanta. The first black president of Pennsylvania's Lincoln University, Bond was an early critic of IQ tests, which he regarded as culturally biased in favor of affluent whites. An authority on Negro writing and history, he provided much of the research used by NAACP lawyers during the school desegregation cases of the mid '50s.

**Died.** Charles Leo ("Gabby") Hartnett, 72, star Chicago Cubs catcher for 19 seasons (1922-40) and member of baseball's Hall of Fame; of cirrhosis of the liver; in Park Ridge, Ill. A portly, good-humored player once spurned by the pros because of his small hands, Hartnett played in more than 1,900 games for the Cubs, set a lifetime batting average of .297, and in his heyday was widely considered the best catcher in the game.

**Died.** Gerhard Kuntzsch, 72, German surgeon who in 1939 developed a novel means of setting bone fractures: of a heart attack; in Glücksburg, West Germany. Kuntzsch's innovation was to drill a hole lengthwise into each section of a broken bone, then insert a metal pin to join the break. The stability of the pin led to quicker recovery, and after winning adherents during World War II, the technique has been widely adopted by orthopedic surgeons, particularly for athletes, who break bones often and whose speedy recovery may be vital to a team's success.

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## Magic Realism

THE SUNLIGHT DIALOGUES

by JOHN GARDNER

Illustrations by JOHN NAPPER

673 pages. Knopf. \$8.95.

When last seen in a fine short novel called *Grendel*, John Gardner was busy turning monsters into men—and vice versa. His highly compressed story sang and winced and gibbered in its metaphysical chains, but it said a good deal about the dark origins and necessary delusions of society. *The Sunlight Dialogues*, by contrast, is an enormous trick circus trunk out of which the author keeps taking new literary treasures as if they were so many fake bananas. A philosophical disquisition upon religion and justice? Yes. A compassionate portrait of America in the uneasy '60s? Yes. A Faulknerian melodrama complete with intricate violence, small-town dynastic decay and a cast of dozens? Yes, indeed.

Gardner has gone to some pains to have his book illustrated, something he says hasn't been done to a serious novel since Henry James' time. Like a 19th-century novelist, he begins with a detailed list of characters. He pokes fun at 20th-century realism by attaching a death certificate at the end of the book. No one should be fooled—or disappointed. For what we have here is not realism, but natural supernaturalism turned loose on middle America. Imagine *Winesburg, Ohio* or Faulkner's *Sartoris* as they might have been written by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Bulging with genius and philosophy, the poet paints the dusty jailhouse and the bumptious mayor of Batavia, N.Y. He records the hairs in the disappointed husband's stew, quotes upbeat statistics from the *Reader's Digest*. But with the same acceptance of reality he observes the growling of the mastiff bitch as dark spirits pass, repeats the laws of gravity at will and marks the fall of the dead ("And every soul, it passed me by, like the whizz of my cross-bow"). *The Sunlight Dialogues* has almost as high a mortality rate as *The Ancient Mariner*.

Gardner's landlocked mariner is named Fred Clumly. Clumly is the police chief of Batavia, a small (and real) town in the western tip of New York. Clumly glumly delivers speeches on the topic Law and Order. He uses words like cognizant a lot and figures hippies are fearless or degenerate, or both. The state of California he considers a plague area likely to infect the rest of America. In short, given the temper of the times, Clumly seems bound for a car-

icature pig-of-the-week award, or else a New Centurion's badge for meritorious service. Instead, Gardner pits poor old Clumly against the Sunlight Man, a brilliant existential philosopher, French horn player, gadfly, madman, magician, murderer, idealist and Shavian exponent of Babylonian religion and the new consciousness. But when the smoke and the rhetoric and some cadavers have been cleared away, there stands Clumly (much humbled and wiser) as, by God, some kind of confused, committed, ignorant, rumbled, preposterous champion of Western culture.

What happens to Clumly at the hands of the Sunlight Man in between



NOVELIST JOHN GARDNER  
*Metaphysics on Main Street.*

shouldn't happen to Offissa Pupp embroiled with Krazy Kat and Ignatz Mouse. The police chief is lured into a church at night and jawed at from the pulpit (bravely, he keeps his pocket tape recorder whirring). He is hung in a tent under a railroad bridge without a timetable in the path of a train—a metaphor for the condition of man. He is invited to a nice chat in a crypt where the Sunlight Man emerges from a creaky coffin to talk some more.

Like nearly everyone in the book, though, Clumly already has doubts about where America is heading and inner misgivings about law and order in general. Is it just? Above all, does it work in America? "The old order changes, giving way to the new," he mumbles to himself at a funeral, "but where is the new?" Knowing this, the

Sunlight Man tries to get at Clumly by exploring history and first causes. The whole trouble with the U.S., he says, goes back to Judaism and its poisonous offshoot Christianity. Before that, in Babylon as elsewhere, men and gods were passive, not pulled up. The world was a place of magic and cyclical mystery; neither men nor gods could fully know or hope to modify its rhythms, benign or otherwise. Then along came Moses with those terrible notions about responsible men and an I-and-thou God. All hell broke loose. Delusions of grandeur. Guilt and retribution. Law and order, first from God, then applied by man to man. The world as private property with men acting righteously as if they owned it. Nationalism. Majority rule.

Clumly tries to defend democracy. "Bunch of people get together, and they decide how they want things, and they pass a law, and they have 'em that way till they're sick of it, and then they pass some other law." The Sunlight Man will have none of it. Democracy is inevitably an armed truce. The rule of the majority is foolish, because it is based on the false assumption that the majority will be reasonable. And out comes the familiar proposition: if 52% of a country is Nazi and 48% is Jewish, what's majority rule worth then? Or chatter about the greatest good for the greatest number?

**Untenable.** In such confrontation Clumly naturally loses every round. He never realizes that all faiths and formulas, pushed to extremes, are untenable. Only occasionally, rambling around town trying to quiet the wave of crime and fear that the Sunlight Man has helped stir in Batavia, he comes upon a useful, stopgap reply. There is a time, for instance, when he orders a ham on rye at a diner and mildly complains when it is all fat. "Waitress says, 'Don't look at me sir, I just work here.' Everybody just works here. If the sandwiches are gonna be fit to eat, somebody's got to behave as if he owned the place."

It is the view of many novelists these days—most of them living in New York—that America is so jammed with grotesques and hypocrites that no self-respecting writer can deal with it realistically. There may be a sliver of truth in the position. Besides, it spares them the inexpressible mess and anguish of creating character, of having to come back red-handed from explorations of the ordinary human heart, that crucial terrain they prefer to leave in the rude possession of potboilers.

If Gardner's book consisted mainly of the *Sunlight Dialogues* he would simply get his A for ingenuity as well as a few "Ahs" for cleverness and learning. A few people would marvel (as they will anyway, and justly) at the great skill he shows in blending resonances from such things as the *Divine Comedy*, the *Revelations* of St. John and the Sumerian epic of Gilgamesh with a story whose surfaces occasionally resemble *All in*



## BOOKS

*the Family*. Happily Gardner is on record as believing that a novelist should tolerate, even affirm the banal and the ordinary. "When Dickens wept over Little Nell," he says, "it was not because he was a subtle metaphysician. He mistook her for human."

The Sunlight Man, therefore, eventually turns out to be Taggart Hodge, a member of one of Batavia's first families. The Hodes are all of them downwardly mobile from the great days of Congressman Hodge, an upright late 19th century liberal with a smile that

could make the corn grow and the voters turn out at the polls. Taggart Hodge's search for vengeance triggers the series of jailbreaks, murders and accidents that pass for plot and which, like Faulkner, Gardner feeds his public in small chunks to keep them turning pages. What matters, of course, are the Hodes themselves, whose various minds and lives Gardner inhabits for hours, days and years until, when the book is at its best, the reader breathes in their world, feels their heartbeats and through them absorbs an extraordinary

meditation on America's past hopes projected upon its present fears.

There are many asides, bit-part players, odd corners of narrative, even a haunting interior monologue by Clumly's blind wife. Gardner explores everything with love and forbearance, like an old-fashioned novelist who has forgotten he must compete with television, sex books and the Good Life for the raddled reader's attention. No matter. Raddled or not, readers should ignore the flaws. Swallow the magic apples. Brush up on *terza rima* (to identify those snippets of *The Inferno* that Gardner can't keep from including). Borrow a French dictionary (to translate Gardner's morsels of French). But press on at all costs to the end. The mas-

## A Selection of the Year's Best Books

### FICTION

**THE LIONHEADS** by Joshua Bunting. A novelized indictment of military ambition and callousness during one Viet Nam battle, written by a 32-year-old former infantry major who served with the U.S. Army in Southeast Asia.

**THE LATE GREAT CREATURE** by Brock Brower. An oldtime horror-movie actor attempts to refurbish the glories of the gothic and macabre traditions in a time of cheap thrills.

**THE SUNLIGHT DIALOGUES** by John Gardner. In the finest novel of the year wisdom and magic turn a small American town into the metaphysical crossroads of the modern world.

**THE TEMPTATION OF JACK OKNEY AND OTHER STORIES** by Doris Lessing. The author of *The Golden Notebook* moves with keen intelligence over some of the major issues of our time.

**EDWIN MULLHOUSE** by Steven Millhauser. This skillful first novel is both a literary Nabokovian joke—about an 11-year-old who writes the biography of a dead playmate—and an affecting memoir of childhood.

**ALL MY FRIENDS ARE GOING TO BE STRANGERS** by Larry McMurty. The elegiac, funny and tender story of a 23-year-old writer whose small-town Texas life is abruptly changed into a series of nostalgic leavetakings by sudden success.

**TRANSPARENT THINGS** by Vladimir Nabokov. The great novelist in a clever book about a publisher who strangles his wife while he is asleep.

**AUGUST 1914** by Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Russia's defeat at the Battle of Tannenberg during World War I. Badly translated but monumental.

**THE CASE HISTORY OF COMRADE V** by James Park Sloan. A government scientist in the County of Los Angeles is accused of a statistical error and persecuted by an enigmatic bureaucracy. Kafka with mirrors.

**THE OPTIMIST'S DAUGHTER** by Eudora Welty. A muted Southern tale about dying and surviving and what can be salvaged through genteel memory and raw feeling.

### NONFICTION

**VIRGINIA WOOLF** by Quentin Bell. The novelist's nephew sees his famous aunt painfully forging a unique art despite an eccentric family, madness, and the burden of being a woman.

**JOURNEY TO IXTLAN** by Carlos Castaneda. The third and best book about the wisdom and magic of the Yaqui Indian Sorcerer Don Juan Matus.

**MIGRANTS, SHARECROPPERS, MOUNTAINERS** and **THE SOUTH GOES NORTH** by Robert Coles. The second and third volumes in a series by a Harvard sociologist who examines poor Americans with love and squalor.

**THE COMING OF AGE** by Simone de Beauvoir. The 64-year-old author of *The Second Sex* urges a revolution in values and behavior to provide for the old and improve the society that tries to forget them.

**FIRE IN THE LAKE** by Frances Fitzgerald. Vietnamese life seen in a historical context that makes the war seem more hopeless and foolish than ever.

**A CHILD CALLED NOAH** by Josh Greenfield. A father's account of caring for an autistic child, told with extraordinary tact, and a quiet outrage against fate and the medical system.

**THE BEST AND THE BRIGHTEST** by David Halberstam. In a series of political profiles, the author tells how overconfidence helped lead to the morass in Viet Nam.

**POWER AND INNOCENCE** by Rollo May. An eminent and eloquent psychoanalyst examines people's need for power as a basis of self-respect.

**THE CHILDREN OF PRIDE** edited by Robert Manson Myers. More than 1,500 pages of letters written by members of a Southern plantation family from the 1850s through the Civil War.

**MIDNIGHT OIL** by V.S. Pritchett. The second installment of the celebrated British critic's charming autobiography tells how he became a writer and Parisian sophisticate during the 1920s.



CLUMLY v. SUNLIGHT MAN  
Babylon revisited.

terpiece to be found there is Clumly's final speech on law and order, which shapes and caps the book as Molly Bloom's soliloquy shapes and caps *Ulysses*. Somehow eluding all his own blinding in progressive rhetoric—about the usefulness of supermarkets in India and the righteousness of justice—the police chief stumbles toward a single sentence, a perception of his lot in the world.

The sentence: *God be kind to all Good Samaritans and also had ones. For such is the Kingdom of Heaven. Not much new there, one may argue. And in fact it is a kind of repetition, for the novel begins with a more secular version of the same message, from the I Ching: The earth in its devotion carries all things, good and evil, without exception. The trick, of course, is to retrieve such knowledge from abstraction, to release it from the prison of rhetoric and piety, until it seems to grow out of, and even faintly encompass, the pain of a passionate lifetime. This Christmas, for \$8.95 and in 673 pages, that is one of several miracles John Gardner offers.*

■ Timothy Foote



## Restrained "Freedom"

The autumnal, post-landslide truce between the Nixon Administration and the TV networks ended abruptly last week with a wintry blast from Indianapolis. Speaking before a local chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, Clay T. Whitehead, director of the White House Office of Telecommunications Policy (OTP), attacked the networks—particularly network news—with a harshness reminiscent of Vice President Agnew's florid denunciations of three years ago. Whitehead derided what he called the "ideological plugola" of TV newsmen who sell their own political views, and tartly dismissed "so-called professionals who confuse sensation with sense and who dispense elitist gossip in the guise of news analysis."

To add bite to these Agnew-like barks, Whitehead revealed that the Administration will submit a bill to Congress that would dump responsibility for alleged network transgressions directly on the nation's nearly 600 network-affiliated local stations. "Station managers and network officials who fail to act to correct imbalance or consistent bias from the networks—or who acquiesce by silence—can only be considered willing participants," said Whitehead, "to be held fully accountable by the broadcaster's community at license-renewal time."

**Conditions.** This scarcely veiled threat brought a hail of phone calls to OTP offices in Washington from worried station owners. They quickly learned that the proposed legislation offers them blandishments as well. The bill extends the duration of FCC licenses from three to five years and makes life easier for local stations at license-renewal time. Competing bids for a station's license, for example, would be entertained only after the Federal Communications Commission had revoked or failed to renew it. Out would go the current FCC criteria stipulating the proportion of generally unprofitable news and public-service broadcasting a station must carry to retain its license; they would be replaced by two vaguely worded conditions requiring broadcasters to be "attuned" to community needs and to air "conflicting views on issues of public importance."

In other words, the Whitehead bill seemed designed to bring local stations more and safer profits in return for allowing themselves to be used as instruments of restraint against the networks, in accordance with some vague principle of balance, presumably to be defined by the Administration. In theory, no one could be against "fairness" or "responsibility." In fact, it looked like a blatant attempt to use the Government's licensing power to enforce certain political views or standards.



WHITEHEAD SPEAKING IN INDIANAPOLIS  
Too high a price?

Despite the potential benefits they could receive, many local station executives argued that the policing or censoring of network programs is too high a price to pay. "The strategy seems to be to keep the networks in line by the threat of having hundreds of local station managers do Nixon's lobbying work for him," charged one TV executive in Houston. "If a news documentary blasts Nixon, the station managers will jump on the networks and do the job for the White House. It is simply outrageous."

Other local broadcasters voiced bewilderment over exactly how the Administration expects the monitoring of

network" shows to work. Networks sometimes arrange advance screenings of controversial entertainment shows for local stations, but that would almost certainly not be feasible for news. As for correcting alleged imbalances, Don Owen, news director of CBS affiliate KSLA in Shreveport, asked: "What sources do we have in Shreveport, Louisiana, to balance the Watergate story by the network?"

Less responsible affiliates, points out a former CBS News president, Fred Friendly, may be happy to sidestep this problem. "Lots of affiliates don't want to carry documentaries," Friendly says. "Some never wanted to carry network news." Friendly speculates that if the Whitehead bill becomes law many stations might cancel network news and use the time slots for their own offerings and more profitable local advertising.

Meanwhile, the networks themselves generally maintained an air of injured silence. Whitehead, feigning surprise at the tempest he had caused, repeatedly insisted to newsmen and TV interviewers that the bill promises "more freedom for the broadcaster." Pressed to supply a specific example of "elitist gossip in the guise of news analysis," Whitehead replied: "I think almost anyone who watches television would have his own pet example of that kind of thing."

When the bill reaches Capitol Hill, however, Congressmen may want to know just whose pets the Administration plans to unleash. Presumably, the networks will be able to join with anti-Administration lawmakers to mount a powerful opposition lobby. But if the Whitehead measure is intended to make the television industry more divided and cautious, it will already have done its job even if it is defeated.

## The Year's Most

Most promising new U.S. network: the BBC, ever more visible as the producer of such literate entertainments as **ELIZABETH R.**, **VANITY FAIR** and **AMERICA**.

Most unwelcome conversation stoppers: the cancellation of **THE DAVID FROST SHOW** (Group W) and three-fourths cancellation of **THE DICK CAVETT SHOW** (ABC).

Most slickly scripted and produced special: the Republican National Convention in Miami, whose predictable plot line made it even more boring than its Democratic competition.

Most dramatic live moments: the tragic terrorist raid at the Munich Olympics, which erupted during ABC's impressive running coverage of the sports events.

Most lonely program: **NBC RE-**

**PORTS**, the only regularly scheduled network public affairs show in prime time.

Most venturesome single show: **VD BLUES** (PBS).

Most tiresome repetition of a single gag: **BRIDGET LOVES BERNIE** (CBS).

Most effective force in children's TV: Action for Children's Television (ACT), whose campaigning reduced the number and subdued the tone of exploitative commercials (vitamins disguised as candy, product pitches by hosts of shows) during kiddie hours.

Most entertaining new series: **SANFORD AND SON** (NBC).

Most potent ratings organization: Nixon Inc., whose disapproval of broadcasting trends showed up in speeches, lawsuits, proposed legislation and, above all, in the drastic re-vamping of public broadcasting to tone down, among other things, its national news and documentaries.

## THE THEATER



SCENE FROM "RIVER NIGER"  
Identity is home-bred.

### Black on Black

THE RIVER NIGER  
by JOSEPH A. WALKER

In the past couple of seasons, the plays presented by off-Broadway's Negro Ensemble Company have taken on the shape of consciousness-raising sessions. More and more, they are specifically and self-consciously aimed at black audiences. The plays seem to be asking blacks to alert themselves to what has been done to them in the past, what they are doing to and for themselves in the present, and what they should hope for in the future. The dramas still represent Whiteness as a bitter, hateful obscenity on the face of the earth, but that is not where their ultimate emphasis lies. Black dramatists and other thoughtful blacks are gradually shifting away from defining blacks vis-à-vis whites and embracing the more arduous job of defining blacks vis-à-vis blacks. The search for identity begins at home, amid one's own family, one's own people, one's own race. The task of forging a self is solitary, beyond the help or hindrance of color.

At its loftiest level, that is what *The River Niger* is about. It infrequently reaches that lofty plain. Most of the time it is on the level of a noisy Harlem family brouhaha, copiously drenched with sentiment and melodrama. Item: a sweet, devoted mother (Roxie Roker), dying of cancer. Item: her returned Air Force lieutenant son (Les Roberts), who regards his military insignia as bars of servitude and may revert to gang war. Item: a hilarious lull of a grandmother (Frances Foster), who claims American Indian blood and can hide her firewater better than she can hold it.

These and other characters have been given a touching humanity by playwright Joseph A. Walker in his third full-length play. They have also been generously lathered in the soap-opera suds common to Clifford Odets' beleaguered Jewish-family protest sagas of Depression days. Nowadays, an emotional bath is a novelty in our theater and rather bracing. ■T.E. Kalem

### 'Tis the Season

THE SUNSHINE BOYS  
by NEIL SIMON

Santa Claus is just an alias for Neil Simon. Every year just before Christmas, he loads up packets of goodies and tosses two unbridled hours of laughter to Broadway audiences. Santa Simon is back again with a cripplingly funny show aptly called *The Sunshine Boys*.

The two boys are really old men, an ex-vaudeville duo named Lewis (Sam Levene) and Clark (Jack Albertson). Clad always in pajamas and bathrobe, Clark lives alone in one of Manhattan's rundown hotels and is sustained by TV, soup and a weekly copy of *Variety* brought to him by his solicitous nephew-agent Ben (Lewis J. Stadlen). Clark particularly relishes scanning the obits in the show-biz bible ("Bernie Eisensein... he was Rodriguez in the dance team of Ramona and Rodriguez").

His erstwhile partner Lewis lives in New Jersey with his daughter, son-in-law and their children, where he can "watch a bush growing," the mildest of the evening's anti-Jersey jokes so dear to the hearts of New Yorkers. The two men have not done a show together in eleven years or spoken privately in twelve. In point of fact, they loathe each other. Clark bears a particular grudge, because Lewis used to finger-poke him in the chest and spray him with saliva during their act. But the potent arm of

CBS-TV reunites them to take part in a history-of-comedy spectacular.

They get as far as a dress rehearsal in which the pair does a hilarious variation on the "Dr. Kronkite" sketch, complete with bosomy girl (Lee Meredithe), from the repertory of famed vaudevillians Smith and Dale. But Lewis begins poking and spraying. Clark suffers a heart attack, and in the final act, a mellow pair contemplates life together in an old actors' home with grudging equanimity.

Beneath the bantering foolery, the play is warm, affectionate and touching. None of Simon's comedies has been more intimately written out of love and a bone-deep affinity with the theatrical scene and temperament. Simon is helped handsomely by the faultless comic timing of Levene and Albertson, whose weathered countenances testify to the many long seasons they have served the theater with honor. As players, we should return the bows that they take and reserve a special one for the annual bounty of Neil Simon. ■T.E.K.



MEREDITH & LEVENE IN "SUNSHINE"  
Bone-deep affinity.

### This Year's Best Plays

**SMALL CRAFT WARNINGS.** Alone, heart-hungry, frightened, a group of strangers in a bar receive the balm of compassion which is always implicit in a play by Tennessee Williams.

**THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND** by Tom Stoppard. A spoof of mystery thrillers and drama critics that is cleverer than *Sleuth*.

**THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON** by Jason Miller. At a 20th reunion of a championship basketball team, the silvery trophy of the now paunchy players holds ashes of their lives.

**MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.** The Shakespeare classic becomes a be-

guiling musical, transplanted to the U.S. of the Teddy Roosevelt era.

**OH, COWARD!** All that glitters is gold in this stylishly assembled portfolio of 50 years of Noel Coward's songs and patter.

**PIPPIN.** Fabulous Bob Fosse fashioned this cast musical, in which the son of Charlemagne is regaled with firecracker dance numbers, sunshiny songs and smashing girls.

**BUTLEY** by Simon Gray. Alan Bates as a hilariously self-destructive English professor drinking the hemlock of middle-aged failure.

**THE SUNSHINE BOYS** by Neil Simon. Funny and touching, as two ex-vaudevillians trade irate banter and cup their ears for remembered applause.



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